

Maclean's



FAST FRANK

HOW FRANK
McKENNA
IS SETTING
THE PACE FOR
CANADA

MONCTON:
THE NEW
ECONOMIC
STAR OF THE
ATLANTIC

New Brunswick Premier
Frank McKenna





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GAP
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Maclean's

CANADA'S WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE
JUNE 11, 1994 VOL. 21 NO. 18

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PHOTOGRAPHY: Linda Powell/Photo; THE 1992-1993 season in Toronto, the actor Eric Robertson negotiates under the



Fast Frank

22 After more than six years in office, New Brunswick Premier Frank McKenna is widely credited with turning his province into Canada's testing ground for social reform. To his supporters, McKenna comes closest to striking the right balance in tough times—making far more real changes without either spending more money or slashing services

Friends in need

30 On the eve of South Africa's first non-racial democratic elections, Canadians from all walks of life are working to ensure that the troubled country's transition to majority rule is as smooth—and as peaceful—as possible. But savage black-on-black violence continues to threaten the historic vote, scheduled to be held from April 26 to 28



Rating the Jays and the Expos

46 They have left spring training behind, and now the hard part begins. This week, the talent-laden Toronto Blue Jays and the crumbling Montreal Expos embark on baseball's grueling 162-game season in search of playoff spots. And the work each team just completed in Florida might be critical to their success





Making Canada Work

After a restless weekend last week in the tropical climes of southern Florida, where most of Canadian politics is as sure as shot, it is always a shock to come back to the latest domestic alarm. Depressing, really. It takes very little for Canadians—actually, the media and political chatterbox—to work themselves into a real lather. The latest case in point is Ottawa's environmental last week that Montreal was out over 24 other cities as the site of a commission that will monitor environmental issues in Canada, the United States and Mexico under the 1986 trade agreement. By the time it was all over, Ottawa was being portrayed as performing to help the Quebec Liberals at the upcoming provincial election. Montreal's environmental party had been questioned. Environment Minister Sheila Copps said had things about Ottawa's 50th anniversary and Premier Bob Rae said had words ("obscure" and "trivial")?

It was just another case of these chronic little bad-boy wars, tinged with anti-Quebec sentiments in English Canada. A French speaking colleague in Montreal complained bitterly in a conversation that it was time for the English language press to stop questioning every federal act of importance in Quebec, that the drudgery of criticism is the very thing that will drive Quebecers to vote for separation.

It is true that there has been a pattern of these bawled at the federal Liberals for so-called special treatment of Quebec. It is also a fact that attitudes towards Quebec have hardened in English Canada, mainly because of the province's seemingly endless battles with sovereignty. Canadians of all persuasions have to their dislike that for separation any country is hurling everyone economically driving down the dollar



Montreal has overseas critics who have abandoned

Quebec's Observers! Or the 667 million for Sudbury's veddy water supplies for farmers and their communities in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta? The fact is, these are the small costs of making Canada work—and, helpfully, keeping it together.

Robert Lewis

and driving many into casual oblivion. All of that feeds the uneasiness. As we'll, English Canada is in no mood to jump through hoops to once again persuade Quebecers that they are loved and that the best option is to remain part of the Canadian federation. The attitude now is not one of hostility, but one of resignation—that Quebecers this time will make their decision on their own.

That having been said, there is a desperate need for more perspective. Why wouldn't Prime Minister Jean Chrétien's government try to help Quebec Liberal Leader Daniel Johnson? Both are Liberals, both are strong federalists, and time is running out for Johnson to call an election that will be crucial in determining the fate of Quebec. And in the 55-million yearly budget for the NAFTA commission really so outrageous a price to pay? After all, it is one-seventh of the annual federal expenditure to sustain Montreal's Jacques Cartier and Champlain bridges, used by millions of commuters—and tourists—each year. Why not close the bridge? Or cut the \$6 million that Ottawa will spend in Montreal to reduce busy Henri-Bourassa Boulevard to the 55.3 million for Sudbury's 1987-88 water supply? Or the 667 million it will spend in 1994 to develop water supplies for farmers and their communities in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta? The fact is, these are the small costs of making Canada work—and, helpfully, keeping it together.

THE FOLLOWING PAGE
CONTAINS AN UNCENSORED PHOTO
OF A MAN STREAKING IN PUBLIC.

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CANADA'S PREMIER NEWSMAGAZINE

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LETTERS

A tortured account

For the first time in my life I found myself unable to finish reading an item in your magazine. The account of the torture and death of Somali soldiers. Abusir Arane by Canadian servicemen (CA law had been, I guess, March 20) was disgusting, miserable and sickening. It is proven nothing, it is the fact that we are not innocent in the savagery and cruelty we profess to loathe in other areas of the world.

Joe Smart,
Cumbria, Ont.

Information from the trial of Pte. Elton Kyle Brown indicated that he participated in actions that, as a Canadian, I feel are totally reprehensible. But he is only one of a number of individuals charged with responsibility for the death of the young Somali. Because he was tried first, he has been scapegoated by the media and the military. In ensuring that people be accountable and punishable for their actions, we must also ensure that they do not become victims.

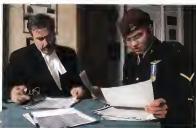
Beverly Macdonald,
Kingston, Ont.

It was disgusting to read how those Canadian soldiers brutally and savagely killed that Somali teenager. It's unbelievable that any human being would do that to an other. It brought tears to my eyes just to imagine what he went through. The only justice is to do the same to those soldiers as they did to Shaban Abasi.

Dean Mendall,
Aldershot, B.C.

The Canadians in Somalia were not peacekeepers. They had a mandate to use force to disarm, locate, disarm, and restore order and humanitarian aid. However, these functions were executed badly by some Canadian officers and noncommissioned officers. This occurred as part because of the declassification and bureaucratization of the Forces after some 20 years of conflict. Classical generalism is generally lacking of these individuals, military operations expose them intensively. The Canadian Airborne Regiment is the last army unit to retain high operational acuity. It is hoped that the army will not be overwhelmed with the humanitarian and other military needs. Perhaps the policy has, then, stop running down the Forces, so they can address Canada's national interest overseas.

A. S. Henry (Island, retired),
Nipawa, Ont.



Brown (right) with his lawyer, Patrick McGowan: we are not innocent in savagery

Voices of dissent

Senator Charles Watt ("Stone of the North," Canada, March 20) is not the only local politician who has criticized native cultural and cerebral lethargy on his own people. Many of our local politicians have brought us fear, contempt and a sense of apathy. They have sold us and our heritage in non-least manners—they have changed us, either in our souls. It is comforting to know dissenting local voices are making it into the mainstream media and reminding us we have local politicians who are critical of the situation that other politicians receive and deserve.

Mary Campbell,
Vancouver, B.C.

Drinking limit

In reporting on Dr. Martin Plant's paper at the Fifth International Harm Reduction Conference ("On a tip, please, it's time," Opening Notes, March 20), you contradicted his recommended limit of 26 drinks per week with the Addiction Research Foundation's guidelines of two drinks per day. Naturally, we don't want to appear prudish, straitlaced or, well, "Canadian," but our moderate guideline arose from an international symposium of alcohol researchers last year. There are many harms that can offset the possible health benefits of alcohol: drinking and driving, liver cirrhosis, even breast and other cancers. Two drinks a day or less is our best advice as to how to reduce those risks.

Mark Taylor,
President and CEO,
Addiction Research Foundation,
Toronto

Radio waves

In your cover article "King of the road" (March 20), you say that Ted Rogers "located his communications empire in 1960 when, as an upgrade of his law studies, he launched Canada's first FM radio station, CHFI in Toronto." My father was the original chief engineer at CHFI. A signal problem one night in July, 1964, caused the station to go off the air. Listeners who phoned in were told that the chief engineer's wife was having a baby—me. The station went on the air about half a year later under the ownership of Ed Rogoff and he sold the station to Ted Rogers in 1980. The station transmitter was purchased from Carl Pollack, who launched an FM station, CFCB, in Richmond, Ont., in 1948. In short, Ted Rogers did not launch CHFI; it did not go on the air in 1960 and it was not Canada's first FM radio station.

Mark Robinson,
Richmond, Ont.

A big bear hug

A standing ovation to you for your tribute to Jim Simpson ("Come and bear it," People, March 20). Jasper the Bear is a great Canadian icon. I used to love the Jasper cartoon in *Maclean's*. You said that Simpson's brilliantly very sense of humor matured in his life, but there was an environmental message long before such a thing became fashionable. Jim Simpson is the son of Canadian cultural hero who works year-round and seasonally in the background, and it was terribly good of you to provide him with some of the recognition that has been so long overdue.

Robert Nelson,
Nanaimo

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LETTERS

Early reform

As a teaching assistant, I replied your report on theiling state of Canada's public education system ("Are we cheating our kids?" Cover, March 10). I am sometimes amazed by the atrocious grammar, sentence structure and quality of writing in the assignments that I receive. The state of the nation's education at that with the decline of quality in the public school system students are entering university with averages (mostly in the 60s, but they cannot communicate properly) inflated marks? If proper reform of the education system does not occur at the primary levels, poorly prepared students will continue to filter into the secondary and the university systems—then what?

Lawrence Cho,
Hamilton

Are we cheating our kids? Yes, but your report raises an error of omission widely committed by both sides of the debate. As a former professor of visual and performing arts in education, I can say that about the time children begin using words, they also begin drawing. If given the opportunity, the developmental of intellectual development and mental health require the articulation of some perceptions, ideas and emotions. Words are an important part of this process, but until language's codes are learned, literacy is a flawed medium. On the other hand, children use drawing at an early age as a medium through which mental development can proceed, and it is a major factor in achieving literacy. To the extent that language is the central issue in the reform of schools, we should be talking about three stages: words, drawings, and words and drawings in combination.

Bob Stoltz,
Vancouver

Sharing labor

I disagree with the assertion by London School of Economics Prof. David Metcalf, in your article "Reward or sacrifice?" that shortening the work week is a defensible option (Special Report, March 10). A shorter work week offers hope, not just for the unemployed but for those who are overemployed or forced by rigid work rules to work a standard week, or even longer. With more leisure, there would be more time for families, friends, hobbies, fitness and personal fulfillment. I believe that if the work week is not shortened, we will be faced with a growing

underclass of people shut out of the labor market—and all the costly social problems that will ensue. Does it not make more sense to share the burden of labor instead?

David R. Pinner,
Edmonton

Wow, a four-day work week. My inefficiency brought an automation, and the fact that I am basically lazy suggests that a four-day work week is the answer. There is one little snag here: I will be expected to work four days for four days' pay. When times were good, we bargained for every cent and benefit that could be squeezed out of the organization. Now that it is payback time, I'll be damned if I'll give up money to ease the unemployment situation.

R. J. Shont,
Bromington, Ont.

'A better story'

Every so often, you print an article that resembles one a little more disgusted with human nature ("A lifetime home: that is truly tragic," The Nation's Business, March 10). Surely, Peter C. Newman can find a better story than Peter Nygard spending millions of dollars and playing with a crane, trying to build his own little Disneyland. I don't pay really know how to spend money, he would spend it on the millions of little kids in the world who would like to have a top crane—or maybe a little food. It is easy to find millionaires looking to be admired. Why not write about someone who is doing something worthwhile for this decaying world?

Glenn DeBolt,
Calgary, Gut

Unheralded deeds

Your Jan. 17 issue contained an article entitled "Under the gas" with a picture of a Canadian peacekeeper distributing clothes to the needy in the former Yugoslavia. The article failed to mention that more than 200 buses filled with warm clothing had been delivered and sent by the women of criminal and serving members of the Van Doo, and that the request for clothing had been made by the soldiers themselves, who were not even aware of the suffering of the people they had been sent to protect. When a humanitarian act is not reported, Canadians will not know how caring and charitable our military can really be.

J. J. Peradisi (Investment-governor, retired),
Colonel of the Regiment,
Royal 22nd Regiment,
Saskatoon

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. Please include name, address and daytime telephone. Write Letters to the Editor, Maclean's magazine, 227 King St. W., Toronto, Ont. M5H 1A1. Or call (416) 593-0700.

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OPENING NOTES

WORD FOR WORD

WISHING YOU WERE HERE

Whely and belatedly made, *Sarajevo Sarafini* (Gracie: *Thomas Allen & Sons*) is a kind of *Madison Ave* of bad. Written as much as it is made and produced by a group of Sarajevo artists and intellectuals, the book portrays a people struggling to survive in a once vibrant city dominated by war. According to the publishers, a portion of the profits will be donated to a relief fund for Sarajevo children. *Excerpt:*

Sarajevo is a unique city on the planet! Sarajevo lives the post-catastrophic Sarajevo in a new light!... Sarajevo can teach you how to survive the post-catastrophic Sarajevo at the end of the 21st century! Sarajevo, the city of the future!

Sarajevo is a city of slender people. Its citizens could be called the most updated birds. No one is fat any longer. The only thing you need to be here is your city under wings—there lies the secret of good shape.

The most desired [sawmill] are the sheep, which can be found everywhere in the

sidewalk, on the streets, balconies, apartments. Bilets are popular, but have a somewhat lower price. Other popular include war issues of the Sarajevo newspaper. *©2000/00/00, pedagogue dogs, sheep made of wool, leaders—consult for running at crossroads.*

Children's games [include] counting of grenades fired on the city, burning of the city, collecting bullets, shells.

Sarajevo has numerous hotels. They are all full. They become houses for refugees. (In restaurants) the selection of drinks is very limited. As for the food—aside from the soup one can get cooked veal, hasegus (kosher version is called *hasegus*). How



Sarajevo children at play: a people struggling to survive

the food actually gets there is kept as the highest professional secret.

Tip: When you come to Sarajevo, be prepared and be mature. Be ready to do up business, eager to walk and work near boarded by danger. Give up all your former beliefs. Use the telephone when it works, laugh when it doesn't. Yell! Laugh a lot. Despite, don't hate.

there isn't a dating—horror of horrors—a Chinese-Canadian woman. "They wanted to like the character Annette, but I wanted that I grew up Canada," says 21-year-old Angela Chow. After moving to Vancouver from Taiwan when she was seven years old, Chow went to Hong Kong in 1992 to take a break from classes at the University of British Columbia, where she was studying electrical engineering. Since then, she has become a celebrity in the Asian industry, first as a veggie with the music video channel MTV Asia, and now as a star in *As If*. A *Family Chow* says that the show on her Canada as a spokesperson to make her character convincing, explaining that the TV portrayed her as "a leader and more aggressive" than local-born Chinese women. "The perception here is that local girls are quieter and more content to stay at home," Chow adds, while Chinese-Canadian women are "into equal rights and more aggressive about getting jobs. So I talk that into my character." With such potential for fireworks, how can the show resist?



Chow: 'Local girls are quieter'

Political pedagogy

Conservative Leader Jean Charest will be headed back to school this fall. At Concordia University in Montreal that September, the popular Quebec MP (from Sherbrooke) will capitalize on his experience as government—not much use in the House of Commons for the Liberal these days—to teach two four-month courses in undergraduate political science. The outgoing environment minister and a first-year in last year's Tory leadership race will give out views on "The role of the federal minister and minister with government, Parliament and bureaucracy." As word of Charest's political arrival made the rounds last week, student interest was high—and competition for class seats is likely to be brisk. That could be good news for the Conservatives, who are eager to drum up support among young voters—and potential



Charest getting experience to use

party workers—after last fall's devastating electoral defeat, which left them only two seats in Parliament. Meanwhile, the subject of Charest's other course has not yet been finalized, although it will have to do with environmental issues. Perhaps something on wilderness survival?

Stability in the washroom

It's a textbook example of fiscal rigidity. In July, 1990, Lafontaine, newly interdicted against the collapsing Soviet Union, established a monetary policy called the *Volcker*, although they were national funds, taken were still linked to the Russian ruble. But with political tension in Russia, quickly became practically worthless—and so did the dollar. In 1990, the Lafontaine government decided to withdraw from the so-called *Stable Zone* and replace the first-edition dollar with a second edition. Note try, but ignored to be just as worthless as its predecessor. Finally, last May, the Lafontaine Central Bank took in the

token, so to speak. It issued a new currency called the *Stable*, which the bank hopes to stabilize by linking it to a Western currency—in Britain that recently with its losses, which are pegged to Germany's Deutsche Mark, that

token with all these worthless and outdated tokens? Easy. Last month, the Lafontaine Central Bank abruptly raised the value of tokens to a recycling plant outside Vienna, where the currency of tokens will come to an end. The tokens are made from very good quality paper, says plant director Lindholm. "The tokens are made from very good quality paper," says plant director Lindholm. "The tokens are made from very good quality paper," says plant director Lindholm. "The tokens are made from very good quality paper," says plant director Lindholm.



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BEST-SELLERS

FICITION

1. *Life After God*, Douglas Coupland (2)
2. *The Slave Dancer*, David Shields (2)
3. *The Bridges of Madison County*, Robert Bly (2)
4. *On the Edge of the World*, John Fowles (2)
5. *The Maltese Falcon*, J.S. Ford (2)
6. *Blackboard*, Michael Ondaatje (2)
7. *Daily*, Peter Dinklage (2)
8. *Paradise Lost*, John Milton (2)
9. *The Fireworks*, Michael Ondaatje (2)
10. *Voyage*, Daniel Defoe (2)

NONFICITION

1. *First Things First*, Stephen Covey (2)
2. *John's Diary*, John Fowles (2)
3. *Walt of the World*, Walter Dill Scott (2)
4. *Secretly Secretly*, James Williams (2)
5. *How to Win*, William Dill Scott (2)
6. *Women Who Run with the Wolves*, Clarissa Pinkola Estés (2)
7. *Remembered by the Light*, Betty Carter (2)
8. *Unsettling in Prison*, Peter Dinklage (2)
9. *On the Border*, Michael Ondaatje (2)
10. *The Perfection of the Morning*, Steven Baskin (2)

1/10/91/91/91

Compiled by Brian Baskin

PASSAGES

DIED: Abundant in play right. Eugene Ionesco, 86, who once said, "All I have to say is that I have nothing to say," in Paris. Two of his most popular plays, *The Bald Soprano* and *The Lesson*, have been playing constantly in the French capital for 38 years and easily 10,000 performances. Ionesco, who influenced such contemporary writers as Tom Stoppard, Harold Pinter, and Edward Albee, was born in Romania and lived in relative obscurity in Paris until he began writing plays after the Second World War.



AWARDED: To figure skater Toller Cranston, 44, \$80,000 from the CBC for breach of contract, by Ontario court judge Lee Fierby. In Toronto, Fierby ruled that the CBC improperly accepted Cranston's threat to resign as coach for the 1995 world championships after asking him to answer the Canadian Figure Skating Association's allegations that his remarks about Canadian skaters were "suspicious."

WORE: By Linda Rogers, 44, of Victoria, the first Stephen Leacock Award for Poetry, for her 43-line poem *Washed*. Christine Rogers won the \$5,000 prize, sponsored by Macmillan Books of Canada, over an intense field of nearly 5,000 entries.

DIED: Ned Fige, 60, the opacitist more widely known for developing *Wet-Dry*, an "on-the-way-out" "martial arts self-defense technique, of practitioners, in Vancouver.

DIED: Ruth Anderson Hadenstein, 101, longtime Toronto Star director, whose father, Joseph Anderson, built the paper into Canada's largest and whose husband, Harry Hadenstein, rose from its editor to president when he died in 1955.

DIED: Centennial writer Albert Goldhamer, 65, whose critical biography of Elvis Presley and John Lennon infuriated the rock stars' fans of a heart attack, while flying from Miami to London.

DIED: Award-winning mystery writer Margaret Miller, 76, of a heart attack, in Santa Barbara, Calif. Born in Kitchener, Ont., where she married Kenneth Miller—better known as Ross Macdonald, creator of the Lew Archer detective series—she moved with her husband to California during the Second World War.

Guess who's coming for dim sum?

Alison about interracial marriage, interracial marriage and a family. Family—sound familiar? This month, Hong Kong's television network is launching just such a show, titled *On Family* with apologies to Archie Bunker. All in a Family. The new show follows the wacky antics that ensue when a 40-year-old couple meet their eldest daughter's new beau, who is an American, and then find out that



The trouble with Bill and Hillary

BY BARBARA AMIEL

Did you manage through your old underwear to work with a steel in tax deductibility? When I read that Bill Clinton got a \$15 deduction for his long pants, I blushed. For years, like many Congressmen, I put old clothes and undergarments in the St. Vincent de Paul box and sent them off to the Salvation Army. One never asked for a receipt—didn't want to see. I suppose Clinton's parsimonious penny pinching reflects a certain sort of frugal ethos. You don't gamble or drink; you do sell your used underwear to the Salvation Army and take a flyer in the cosmetics market. Well, look, that is the least of my problems with the Clintons.

My first real problem has to do with the First Lady. Ask yourself this: When, eventually, a woman is elected president of the United States, will her husband be "First Gentleman" or "Prince Mademoiselle" referred to as "the President's wife"? Debra DeBorbe would have knocked back even more gin-and-tonics but he been called First Chaplain. First Lady is a courtesy title used only in the United States. It is a bit of American efficiency that has nothing to do with the Clintons, but it seems to be Bill Clinton's mission to elevate that title and pillow talk to an official job.

Hillary Clinton is now a public official, but she has no public accountability. (Slightly appeared her to the family firm because she is interested in the business. This is not difficult to understand: human beings often choose spouses with similar attitudes and interests. The trouble in Washington is that the Clintons have demanded official recognition of what most of us would regard as a slightly less-than-stellar human habit about which nothing is or should be said. This decision to give Mrs. Clinton's marital life official status and standing is, in my mind, suicidal. Whether it takes to the next election or happens next month, the Clintons are finished.

Their problem has its roots in the Kennedy era. After John Kennedy appointed

gripping respect and once they got it people wait for them to fall." What a mistake I thought. Hillary is not simply "necking" the role of First Lady," as these feminists would have it, she is re-inventing the Constitution. There she goes, omnipotent and unaccountable to anyone but her husband—who is in no position to fire her with out virtually firing himself. Does any law not worth the same really think that a backseat driver is a role model for women?

The attacks on Hillary are the natural consequence of her presence in the White House offices of the White House (as opposed to the personal living quarters) will avoid the assumption of any of the normal responsibilities of operating there. If she were obliged to answer questions about her role in White House affairs—such as orders to shred documents and so forth—all this bad publicity could settle down. But she won't. Third parties to see selective and irrelevant documents in her name (such as her income tax returns) and the circus sides.

Meanwhile, we are left with a presidency that by any yardstick is pretty much a disaster. Domestic policy, which is of most import to Americans, is in abeyance until Whitehouse and related matters are cleared up. Foreign policy, which matters to all of us, has been catastrophic. On the plus side, we have torts. On the minus side we have:

Banana President Clinton—Americans he will not acquiesce in the hegemony of ethnic groups by the South and sends Secretary of State Warren Christopher to Europe to sign some strategic bomb attacks and the relaxing of the arms embargo against the Mafiasa. Europe sends Christopher and the President pack. The situation is saved temporarily by Boris Yeltsin.

Sometime President Bush sends U.S. troops to distribute food, President Clinton elevates this to "nation building." Nation building turns out to mean training down General Arafat. When that goes tickety and a few casualties arise, a civil war breaks. The Israelis are left in the tender mercies of Arafat and the American scuffle out.

Hill Clinton Clinton summons support for the demonstrably defective Jose Bernabe Arce. He gets U.S. troops on a boat to assist the transitional regime. A few weeks later the leaders of the American consulate in San Hill, some Haitian demonstrators and the troops left make a U-turn in the harbor and scuttles off home (carrying the Canadian troops with them).

One could go on—in North Korea, we have the sight of the United States endowment (somewhat late in the day) to intimidate the North Koreans and encourage to tighten it into a state of near hysteria over the actually prospect of war with Kim Jong Il. We have China, but hold on.

But why are we? The First Lady has criminalized America. I guess that is what radical feminism always wanted to do, but what the Bobbitts symbolic limit the only omnipotent left in the world. It's not only the Mr. Bobbitts who are in pain. We all are.

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UNDER THE GUN

Will the Liberals get tough on young offenders?

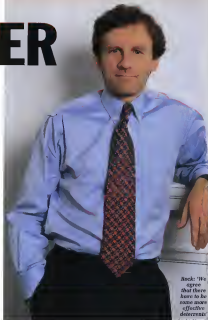
In the space of four days last week, the following incidents occurred in different parts of Canada:

- Quebec provincial police made three arrests in St-Jovite after reported complaints of random shootings of motorists, cars and houses. The accused were found with rifles, handguns and disassembled hand grenades.

- Ottawa police made three arrests after a 27-year-old British engineer, Nicholas Batemby, died in one of a series of drive-by shootings in the city's downtown core. One of the accused was charged with second-degree murder and the two others with manslaughter.

- The British Columbia Supreme Court found teenager Jason Gonsche guilty of the 1992 rape and murder of a 15-year-old girl.

Along with their violent, unpunished nature, each incident should another crime be considered: the almost—on, in Canada's case, convicted—offenders were all under 18 years of age. Because of that, under provisions of the Young Offenders Act (1984), they are treated much differently than adults



Rock: "We agree that there have to be some more effective deterrents."

charged with similar crimes. If the youths in Quebec and Ottawa are convicted, they will not be publicly identified and will likely never have criminal records. If the two charged with Batemby's killing are tried in a youth court and found guilty, the statute will allow any of their case records in five years in prison, rather than the much longer sentences that adults convicted of similar crimes would face. Even Gonsche has been freed in the past from previous acts of the law. He was 16 when he committed the murder, and had already been convicted twice of sex offences involving young children. But

because of a provision limiting release of such information, local police did not know that until after the murder.

Small wonder, then, that in the wake of those incidents—and statistics showing violent crime among youths on the rise—federal Justice Minister Allan Rock is under renewed pressure to amend the 10-year-old act. For Rock, a 35-year-old lawyer and political neophyte who is regarded as one of the brighter lights in the Liberal cabinet, the search for solutions presents him with his toughest challenge since assuming the justice portfolio five months ago. One reason is the high erosion

that the subject of youth crime arouses on all sides. Another is the complexity of the reforms that Rock usually are needed. "We agree that there have to be some more effective deterrents," Rock said in an interview with *Maclean's*. "But the real issue will take much longer, because that involves a change in all the factors that lead to crime."

To the justice minister's critics, such talk suggests that the act's spokesmen, intensely politic Rock is more interested in codifying criminals than correcting the guilty. Said Belton MP Art Hanger, a former Calgary policeman: "I think he's going to be a sullen on law enforcement issues." Added Hanger: "We have got to start worrying more about the victim than the perpetrator—and to stop making age an acceptable excuse to literally get away with murder."

That, says Rock, is a notion that he supports—up to a point. Among the steps that he says he is prepared to take: doubling the maximum jail sentence for juvenile offenders to 30 years from five, and ending the process for transferring to courts charged with violent offences to adult courts. As well, in an effort to combat violent crime among all age groups, he is also considering measures to tighten gun control laws and access to ammunition.

But before lobbying legislation to reform the Young Offenders Act—which he would like to do before the end of the year—Rock faces a series of messy and potentially divisive debates. A meeting with his potential counterparts last month exposed some sharp differences. Alberta and Manitoba favored a get-tough approach that included, among other things, sending repeat offenders to military-style boot camps. Quebec and Ontario, on the other hand, expressed general satisfaction with the present law, and urged Rock to instead address the social circumstances that they said led youngsters to commit crimes. "We agreed how there has to be changes to do so," says Rock. "We did not always find agreement on what those changes should be."

Those same ideological divisions exist among the Liberals. Some, including Ontario-ans John Kinsella and Derek Lee, want the act tightened to provide for stiffer sentences and to make it easier to publicly identify violent neophytes. Technicians Naurato also wants the act changed so that 16- and 17-year-olds would be tried in adult courts. But that notion draws fiery criticism from Montrealers MP Warren Allmand, a former solicitor general who now chairs the House of Commons justice committee. Naurato, said Allmand, "is way off base because a kid's nature physically earlier than he once did not mean he's also the one

mentally. You've got to treat kids differently than adults."

In fact, the incidence of violent crime by young people is probably lower than many Canadians believe—though certainly much higher than it once was. On average, according to figures from the Canadian Centre for Justice Statistics, about 10 juveniles each year have been charged with murder since the Young Offenders Act took effect in 1984. That represents about five per cent of the youths convicted annually in Canada. Other statistics for 1992, the most recent year available, show that youths between the ages of 12 and 17—who represent about seven per cent of the population—accounted for 30 per cent of Criminal Code offences.

In some cities, the trend towards greater

of the family, and that is translating into the kind of problems youth are experiencing now." Reform's Hanger generally agrees with that diagnosis, but differs strongly on the remedy. He supports the sort of "black operations" that several American states have employed. Under those programs, young offenders can have their sentences cut in half if they agree to serve them in military-style boot camps.

Although politicians from all parties agree that there is a huge public appetite for such strict measures, they have one significant drawback: they often do not work any better than existing programs. A 1992 report prepared for the U.S. House of Representatives' judiciary committee found that "early release inside state boot camps reduce short-term



Police arrest a suspect: statistics show youth crime is on the rise

youth violence is particularly troubling. A survey of Ottawa high-school students last year showed that 21 per cent of students carried some sort of weapon in school. In Montreal, police estimate that close to 1,000 teenagers now belong to organized street gangs. In Winnipeg, the city's school division, which oversees 34,800 students, last year reported 189 attacks by students on teachers and other staff, as well as 332 attacks by students on other students. In Toronto, where hundreds of young people rioted downtown in May 1992, a community psychologist with the city's youth services department, Frederick Matthews, recently warned that the city's gangs now include children as young as 6.

Because of such findings, one nation agreed upon at all levels is the root cause of youth crime: Says Allmand, who is regarded as one of the most left-wing Liberals in social issues: "We are seeing a deterioration

in crime rates and crowding, but not necessarily redress or long-term costs." Similarly, a Colorado state report found that last year graduates looked back into crime at a higher rate than other offenders.

In fact, many of the changes that Rock is advocating to fight both juvenile and adult crime are likely to be less visible, and more at long-term results. One of those will be the creation next month of a national crime prevention council. One of its key roles, he says, will be to act "as a sort of clearinghouse in collecting information, making it readily available to the country and co-ordinating efforts to prevent crime." The act, says Rock, is to "start ordinary Canadians thinking about means of crime prevention in their everyday lives." The next—and harder—step will be to translate those thoughts into action.

ANTHONY WILSON SMITH in Ottawa

The sound and the fury

A regional dogfight explodes after a NAFTA agency goes to Montreal

A political phone game, it now not particularly surprising, the establishment of a major international agency with 32 jobs at stake. Two weeks ago, Environment Minister Sheila Copps resigned to run what should have been a straightforward decision and a routine announcement last week into a similar Canadian referendum. At issue was Copps's choice of Montreal over 34 other Canadian cities in competition for a 10-million-year environmental watchdog agency, to be set up under the terms of the North American Free Trade Agreement among Canada, the United States and Mexico. After declining that her selection of Montreal had been a "political decision," Copps then berated Ontario Premier Bob Rae for expecting a NAFTA prize for Toronto, one of the losing applicants, when he not only fought against the appointment but was taking his objections to court. He reacted immediately, and emotionally: "The parliament of Ontario has put to sleep."

Despite the political grandstanding, it is apparent that the most cases—did not necessarily the most qualified—city was. Before his city was even into effect on Jan. 1, Quebec's Liberal government and Montreal Mayor Jean Doré announced the Montreal International Conference Centre Corp., set up in 1990 to attract foreign investment to the city, to have the secretariat of the new North American Commission for Environmental Cooperation to the city. Among the blue-ribbon Montreal group's executives, former Hydro-Québec president Guy Gauthier, Marie Luce Fortin, a former minister of the Environment, and former Ontario Premier David Johnson, and Charles Dupuis, a former senior Ottawa bureaucrat with 30 years' experience with External Affairs. The Quebec team then rhetorically lifted federal officials and proposed an aggressive bid, "I have a pretty good network in Ottawa," says Dupuis, "I am very ahead of developments. That's why we started early last month. That's the way we work."

By contrast, Toronto's bid was lousy and disappointed. Learning of the competition only last December, Toronto Mayor Jean Howard wrote a letter to Prime Minister Jean Chrétien on Jan. 12, expressing her city's interest. The reply from Toronto's

Canada on Jan. 25 suggested that the city submit a written proposition by Feb. 4, the deadline given to other applicants. "Sheila Copps had indicated that she was going to support our bid," Howlands told Howlands. "What changed all that, I don't know. Our information package was wrong." Hearing rumors in mid-March that Montreal had suddenly replaced Toronto as the favourite, Howlands and the considered calling Chrétien—but decided to wait until he returned from an official visit to Mexico. That call was never placed. Said a local official in

came from me, so it's a political decision."

The slip would be relatively minor—had it not provoked such a furious outburst. Resentment the cheers of Quebec-bashing. Their publicly complained about a Toronto Star journalist who was quoted in the Quebec media as asking Copps why she would grant an environmental agency to a city that he said was once described "as an open sewer." In return, both Howlands and Bob accused Ottawa of pandering to Montreal at the expense of Toronto and the Quebec Liberals in their upcoming



Howlands (right) behind the heated rhetoric and finger-pointing, Montreal outbid Toronto

Howlands's office. "Maybe we just don't do things right here in Toronto." None of this information was publicly divulged by Copps—nor anybody else—just went. Instead, the Hamilton MP and deputy prime minister added salt to Toronto's wounds by saying that the city's high cost of living—never an official criterion in the contest—was a prohibitive factor. Said Copps, "The Americans and Mexicans wanted to make sure that any people they brought on-site were able to come in at a reasonable cost of living," Howlands told Howlands. "That is grossly unfair." As well, Copps, who went on vacation for day after the announcement, was caught in a contradiction of her own making. On Jan. 24, she told the House of Commons that a private Ottawa-based company had been hired to do a nonpolitical review of the applications for the new agency, and that "for the first time in the history of government," the bids would be judged "on the environmental performance of their cities." Last week, however, Copps admitted that "the ultimate recommendation

prevailed election. The apparent bias Howlands reached in with a declaration that Quebec could not be brought by federal plans, saying in Montreal last Wednesday, Conservative Leader Jean Charest, called the controversy "surprising and ridiculous." The former environmental minister said that the three countries agreed last year that Montreal was the preferred site for the centre. Said Montreal's Quebec "Monsieur Copps decided the wasted a transparent and reliable process, so she hired a consultant. In any case, Montreal was chosen again."

In retrospect, an arguably dark horse application from the Minnesota region of North-west New Brunswick (population 30,000) might seem appealing. "The big attraction of the area," says the Montreal proposal, "is the absence of pressures associated with a major urban setting." Last week's consultants in Ottawa, Montreal and Toronto gave that about a special mention.

E. NIKKIE FLEUDON in Ottawa



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CANADA

'Someone wants my skin'

A disgraced doctor hints at a conspiracy

Bringing his wounds, Dr. Roger Penson finally emerged into public view last week. The Montreal consultant, who three weeks ago provided a controversial scandal for his way of data in major breast cancer studies, looked first and found when he appeared before reporters to justify his activities. "The breasts," he confessed, "probably as a result of the stress I've suffered." Vice-governing, he admitted that many of the charges leveled against him contained a measure of truth. But at the same time, Penson stoutly maintained that he was guilty of nothing more than "too much enthusiasm" for his patients' welfare. And he hinted darkly that his disgrace had been exaggerated by untainted forces in U.S. medical and political circles. "Someone wants the skin," he declared.

Once a leading authority on the biology of breast cancer, Penson left his disgrace when American medical authorities sawy and revealed, in a series of data that the 30-year-old Montreal surgeon submitted over a 12-year period, beginning in 1977. Investigators at the Office of Research Integrity, a branch of the U.S. Public Health Service, first discovered in 1980 that Penson had tampered with information involving 20 patients, six of whom took part in a research study into the relative merits of lumpectomies—the partial removal of cancerous breasts—and radical mastectomies, in which the entire breast is removed. Results of the study, the National Surgical Adjuvant Breast and Bowel Project, were released in 1983 and indicated that lumpectomies in combination with radiation therapy are as effective as breasting some cancers in mastectomies.

At his news conference, Penson admitted that he broke, or at least bent, some of the rules, sharing the diagnosis dates of some patients in order to make them eligible for an experiment in the study, in which skin-of-the-art treatment was available. He claimed that the criteria he ignored were "not essential" and, in any case, did not alter the final results. "I did not have the computer [use techniques] to exclude patients from these studies, when they would have access to the best treatments and the best medicines," he said.

Penson is only dismissed the objections that have been raised about his methods, arguing that he acted on the basis of his own long experience in treating breast cancer rather than out of "blind obedience" to the "extreme right" demands of American researchers. "I did not work in an ivory tower," he maintained. "For 30 years, I have been in the front lines of the battle against this

curved sickness. I was dealing in real life, treating human beings, not laboratory mice." The Montreal doctor portrayed himself as the victim of a conspiracy launched by U.S. interests out to discredit both him and Canada's medical system—though he offered no proof. "There is a disservice in being my way of thinking and the American way regarding breast cancer," he said. "There are American doctors who, rightly or wrongly, find that there is too much research money that goes outside the United



Penson: 'I was not white to me.'

States. Other senators think, rightly or wrongly, that too much American money goes to clinical research. And there is also the American surgery lobby, which is very strong. You draw your own conclusions."

Despite his combative stance, however, Penson did concede that medical research in Canada in general and Montreal in particular, may suffer as a result of the scandal that has engulfed his life's work. "I made mistakes," he said. "I was not wise as many of my colleagues."

Perhaps he should. For last week a five-member team of U.S. medical investigators arrived in Montreal to review research data compiled not at Penson's St. Louis Hospital but at two other Montreal hospitals—St. Mary's and the Jewish General—as connections with suspected irregularities in other breast cancer studies.

DARBY CAME in Montreal



WOULDN'T
IT BE A LOT
FASTER TO
DOCUMENT
THE CLAIM
WITH A
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Fast Frank

How New Brunswick's premier turned his province into Canada's social laboratory

BY JOHN DeMONT

Two days after his seventh government plane takes off from Fredericton, Frank McKenna is sipping like a jolly. But he lets his tirade running in Montreal, bounding out of the airplane cabin with a vigor that no middle-aged man working on a few hours' sleep has a right to possess.

The premier of New Brunswick always seems to be in motion. Yesterday was a 36-hour workday capped at 11 p.m. Today at 7:30 a.m., he presided with officials from a high-tech company considering an office in New Brunswick, New, in the van from the airport. McKenna is juggling several things at once: quelling a reactionary about potential emigration, securing a newspaper editorial page, making one of his cabinet members a quick question on a cellular phone. Pulling up to a downtown hotel, he hustles into the lobby in search of his last-minute speaking engagement. First, though, the man who once considered the most effective premier in Canada must shake hands with a passing admirer who exhorts him to "keep kicking New Scotland's butt," a reference to the longstanding rivalry between the neighboring provinces.

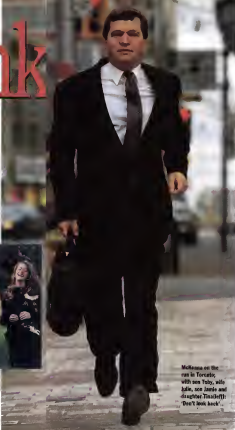
Inside, the air is warm—but that doesn't melt the crowd's enthusiasm. In theory, they are here for an award presentation to the head of one of New Brunswick's fast-growing list of entrepreneurial companies. But that's just the surface act for McKenna, one of the brightest stars in Canada's political firmament. Today he's in his inquisitorial best, asking New Brunswick companies in chapter rooms that they have the right stuff to be world players in whatever business they pursue. Optimism and hard work—these are the perennial themes of any speech by McKenna. With his thick head of dark chestnut hair and a face so polished that it is still compared to Rushberry Tins's, McKenna looks a decade younger than his 45 years. In his book, inquisition is the greatest sin, enthusiasm lents from his sparkling beard, making him seem taller than his five feet, eight inches. As the premier leaves the room, the smiles among the crowd seem positively riotous. No time to bask in the moment, though. Quebec Period awaits in the Fredericton legislature, where his party holds 44 of 58 seats. "Don't look back," he jokes as he battles himself into a seat in the

government phase. "Somebody might be gassing on you."

Six-and-a-half years after sweeping into power, McKenna seems to have managed the impossible for a politician in this age of public cynicism about government. At home, his lustre is undimmed. His government commands an extraordinary 65-percent approval rating, and he is largely credited with the economic and social reforms that are giving his downtrodden province a measure of hope for the future. Outside New Brunswick, too, he is a star. Brunswickan pragmatism has finally conservative approval to government and his experience to lure companies to his province. Academics hail him as a visionary for implementing innovative social programs. And politicians



in Ottawa and other provincial capitals increasingly look to New Brunswick as a testing ground for social reforms. To many of them, McKenna has come closest to striking the right balance on tough issues—creating fundamental changes without either spending more money or shifting services. All that has given McKenna a national profile far beyond his province of 720,000 people. In recent years, Canada's largest-winged film industry has been attracted for everything from president of the National



McKenna on the run in Toronto, with son Tony, wife Julie, son Jamie and daughter Tina (left). "Don't look back."

History League to leader of the federal Liberal party. The prime can sometimes seem overzealous, and even McKenna acknowledges that he feels embarrassed at times by the adulation he receives from both ordinary people in small-town New Brunswick and the heavyweight analysts who regard the path he is charting for his province as one that has much to teach the rest of the country. As Thomas Rennie, president of the C. D. Howe Institute, a leading public policy think-tank in Toronto, puts it: "When people ask if there is any hope for a better and more effective political system, I say that it will come only when people in other provinces point to Frank McKenna and say, 'I want one of those.'"

But however sincere, McKenna's grand mission makes sense somewhere on the horizon. Critics say that the "McKenna Miracle" the name which some journalists have given his attempts to revive the province, is more spin than substance: nothing much has really changed for most New Brunswickers, they claim. His harshest critics say that McKenna has failed to forge any real economic development policy for the province's largely rural population, which remains dependent upon dwindling natural resources for its livelihood. To them, he appears obsessed with pushing ahead but mostly theoretical concepts such as "the electronic highway," and with attracting high-profile technology and communications firms that bring relatively few jobs to the province. And in fact, the results of his efforts are still that the recession that ravaged New Brunswick's traditional industries has killed more jobs than the McKenna government has brought in.

As for the world-bee sense of New Brunswick, he confesses to dark nights of the soul when he wonders if he is really up to the task. But doubt has never allowed to linger long in McKenna's straightforward world. "I'm a firm believer that believing in yourself becomes a self-fulfilling prophecy," he says. Yet the question remains in the face of one man's will enough to transform an entire province?

Back home in his town of Chatham, the van is heading south on a stretch of highway that runs through rolling hills and a thick blanket of forest. It rides from one hamlet to another, through Dorley Junction to Rogersville, past aging cars and loudly honking with peeling paint. It is, in some respects, typical rural New Brunswick landscape—except for the acreage that produced McKenna, who grew up in tiny Apolonia, midway between Moncton and Fredericton. The fourth of eight children in a dairy farming family, he was a scholarship student, eventually completing a law degree at the University of New Brunswick in Fredericton before setting up practice in the pulp-and-paper town of Chatham. From there, he launched his political career, becoming Liberal leader in 1983 and premier two years later when his party took all 58 seats from Richard Hatfield's second-placed Tory government.

Today, driving through the familiar countryside with two other sons, McKenna points out passing landmarks and talks about old occupations. After 12 years in the legislature, he has evolved into the very essence of a New Age politician, a man who can talk in the same breath about the information highway and repairing New Brunswick's patchwork stretch of the Trans-Canada Highway. His policies defy categorization as either liberal or conservative. And he also seems to straddle the social fence between his old education and the imper-

like he gives them his answer actually in the form. "I know these people," he says, peering out the two windows. "They are good, smart, hard-working people." And McKenna, as much as anyone, realizes that those attributes are hard by enough when people have lost their livelihoods and self-respect—as they did long ago throughout much of hardscrabble New Brunswick. Little wonder he has literally lights up when he walks into an old building in Raguereville, a town of 1,200. There, two dozen men and women in their 20s, 30s and 40s are struggling to rebuild themselves.

Across the province there are about 300 of these makeshift classrooms—known as Community Academic Services Program (CASAP) literacy centres—where unemployed New Brunswickers spend their days studying the basics of English, math and science rather than sitting at home mulling social assistance. For McKenna, who is constantly preaching the concept of self-reliance, a sense that this is downright moving. "I can't guarantee that at the end of it you will get a job," he tells them, alternating between English and halting French. "But I can guarantee that without it you won't be able to get one." Then, in what could be the motto for his approach to life and government he intones: "Translating life (work hard), translating (not translating)." *—DANIEL J. CLARK*

That is something McKenna understands. And he talks with a mixture of admiration and horror about how he arrives at the other coast mornings by 7:30 after making the 25-minute walk from the unpretentious white clapboard house where he lives with his wife, Julie, a community college teacher, and 11-year-old Jason, the youngest of their three children (the others, Talya, 21, and Tina, 18, attend Saint Francis Xavier University in Antigonish, N.S.). The typical 14-hour workday of ten each after midnight, McKenna has been known to call civil servants at home as late as 7 a.m. "It's exhausting," he admits. "Work becomes as obsessive that you lose every aspect of your life." Nor that he necessarily begrudges the sacrifice. Work, as McKenna sees it, is the key to everything. The reform that his government has implemented may be radical, but the philosophy behind them is deceptively simple: create jobs. Not, mind you, the old-fashioned jobs in the woods and mines and on the rivers that have always been the province's lifeblood. McKenna has done his homework. He's absorbed the neoliberal theories of MIT economist Lester Thurow and Harvard biologist guru Michael Perle. He wants to create up-to-date jobs that will get his New Brunswickers off the idle, not create a new, self-sufficient economy. His pitch includes abolishing the province's advantages—bilingual workers, sophisticated telecommunications, low property and labor costs and relatively little bureaucracy. "It's an obsession with creating jobs," he says. "I believe that a dream has been built: the physical and spiritual needs of people."

The magnitude of the task requires that sort of fundamentalism. And when McKenna took power in October, 1985, he commissioned a study of attitudes in Canada and U.S. border states towards New Brunswick. Canada's third-poorest province after Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island. The results were disheartening: the province had a poor image in Canada and was viewed as the least pleasant place to live in the United States. Even New Brunswickers saw themselves as being in a province with few good facilities and without a strong identity. A stagnant, resource-dependent economy, Canada's third-highest literacy rate, a population devoid of hope for the future—the challenges seemed insurmountable.

Hardly anyone questions the sincerity and gusto with which McKenna has tackled the problems. "This is showing an abundance of leadership, initiative and courage," declares Gavin Belliveau, a local senator, who implemented his own sweeping education and tax reforms when he was the Liberal premier of New Brunswick from 1980

'I am obsessed with creating jobs. I believe that it deals both with the physical and spiritual needs of people.'



to 1970. All the same, noble aspirations are one thing, results another.

Education is one undeniable success. A 1992 review of the provincial education system sparked such wide-ranging changes in longer school years, publicly funded kindergarten and measures to lower the dropout rate (which has since fallen to 14 per cent from 22 per cent, the lowest in Canada). Moreover, the government funded \$61 million to spend on teacher training and relocating the public school system on such core subjects as math, science and language arts. Then there is McKenna's attack on the province's \$270-million deficit, which has decreased in the past three years from a high of \$536 million. After three years during which he first froze government wage increases and then held them to zero increases and cut 1,300 civil service jobs, provincial Treasurer Allan Miller predicted last month that the province would balance its books during the 1994-1995 fiscal year on both its capital and operating budgets. New Brunswick will even start to pay off its accumulated debt of \$4.1 billion some time next year, he pledged.

The government has been equally decisive when it comes to social reform. To get people off social assistance, the province convinced Ottawa in 1985 to redirect \$177 million in funding from welfare, unemployment insurance and other sources into a new program called New Brunswick Works. The initiative—which has sparked inquiries from provincial governments across the country—offers long-term welfare recipients the chance to return to the workforce under a three-year program of paid employment, education and training, in which they agree to complete their high-school studies while receiving a training allowance. As experiments go, it is expensive—more than \$108,000 for each of the 3,000 people scheduled to go through the system. At the same time, the program is clear: its own loss is a rising success. July 30 per cent of the first 2,000 people who have entered the program since May, 1992, have dropped out. Even so, McKenna's resolve has not faltered. Early this year, his

A country road in New Brunswick, N.B.: McKenna walking a new light: Work becomes as obsessive that it dominates every aspect of your life.



government introduced a pilot project in which unemployed young people receive basic military training and specialized job skills at Canadian Forces Base Gagetown, near Fredericton. And in late March, with the help of Ottawa, the province again attracted national attention by introducing the N.B. Job Corps, which gives older workers with few job prospects an annual income of \$32,000 in return for six months' work on government-sponsored projects like cleaning up beaches and clearing park trails. The project is aimed at getting people off the welfare rolls, where the maximum annual payment is \$6,000, and into a program that will let them work off other jobs without forfeiting their payments or benefits. Like the other experimental projects, it may set the pattern for a national program.

More than anything, of course, McKenna wants to be judged as a creator of jobs. During his 1991 election campaign, he went so far as promising to create 25,000 new jobs by the time he steps down. What he could not have predicted was that the prolonged recession would severely dampen his plans, or that the dramatic downturn in forestry, mining and other resource sectors—which account for more than 30 per cent of New Brunswick's employment—would hit most of the employment gains he predicted. "At some point, you have to have some luck," notes McKenna. "I wish I had luck. New Brunswick would be booming right now. We just haven't had the luck."

The numbers bear that out. When asked how their job-creation programs have fared, McKenna's officials produce a table that estimates that a total of 4,218 jobs have been created "on net" from provincial initiatives since September, 1989. Used that way, however, the impact has been less impressive. That total, for example, includes 889 jobs at the New Brunswick P.E.I. fixed link—which McKenna's government had only a secondary role in creating. And Statistics Canada figures show that 295,000 New Brunswickers were without in January, 1994, compared with 217,000 in January, 1991. During the same period, the unemployment rate actually rose, marginally, to 13.1 per cent from 12 per cent three years earlier.

Yet without the government's job programs the picture would undoubtedly be bleaker. Most of the new jobs that the government takes credit for creating come from small businesses that have received start-up capital and other provincial funding. But what is not by putting the McKenna government on the map is its commitment to attracting new investment. Since September, 1989, 10,000 jobs have been created for other firms to create/replace the lost mining and forestry jobs. Newcomers can expect roughly \$10,000 for each new job in training and relocation incentives. But most companies say that factors like cheap labor and land, and the presence of New Brunswick Telephone Co. Ltd., the province's innovative communications utility, are far greater lures.

But what the new record has been as suitable for their high-profile names—Parsiplex Courier Ltd., Federal Express Canada Ltd., Canada Post Corp., Canada Trust, Unisys Canada Inc.—as for the number of jobs they have created. Just as important is the critical role the new firms play in rebuilding the province's waned self-image. The logic is compelling: if big-name national companies value the province, has to offer, why can't New Brunswickers not feel better about themselves? So New Brunswick's chief politician hits the road.

The early morning turbulence shook the small Pier Chrysler dealership as it headed west from Fredericton. Last year, McKenna's plane made an emergency landing on its belly after the landing gear failed to descend. But the province seemed undisturbed last month in the place where the plane was clearly and loudly off the ground. In truth, the further away McKenna, chief of staff George Gaudet and press secretary Maurice Robichaud got from Fredericton, the more excited they seemed to grow. Ahead, after all, lay Ontario, the most successful handling ground in the province's travel campaign to lure new business.

There, in its first act in Canada, his star burns bright. In three days, he will give three talks, and his federal ministers, ministers of the 800-million N.B. Job Corps program, give four speeches and six additional media interviews, set down for a discussion with Medson's executives.

born dating him 61 per cent a year ago, there's a marked contrast as that of his former best friend, comedian. As *Rolling Stone*'s Dave Karger, N.J., puts it: "Part of the key to McConaughey's popularity is the simple fact that he is not Robert Redford." His attitudes, self-deprecating, matter movies unchanged and his personal life seems beyond reproach. Aside from *True Romance* thrillers and *Thelma & Louise*, McConaughey is quite the capitalist and plays costs as the government hockey team, plus bi-weekly games at *Ironhorse*, golf and ski.

Ultimately, though, New Brunswickers support him more for what he is trying to do than for any deep-seated personal attachment. "The numbers may not be coming quite yet," explains Connelley Posenen, an economics professor at the University of New Brunswick. "But this government is making great strides in creating an environment which will allow people to pull up their own socks." For many, in fact, the government has already provided something profound—a sense of self-worth and optimism about the future. Declares Genetic Richard, "I'm a single mother of two who hopes to go on to university. I've never been back at the Rogersville library either. I know this sounds really corny, but thanks to Frank McKenna I can finally dream of a better life for myself and my children."

A full moon hangs over the Saint John River as McKenna, slightly punchy with fatigue, drives home. There are times, he concedes, when he feels like an impostor who cannot possibly accomplish what is being asked of him. But any signs of brooding self-doubt are well-hidden as he wheels the car through the familiar streets of Fredericton.

Abroad, it is only uncertainty. "McIntyre, who looks like a politician without his moustache, after a decade, is still mulling with his original plan to emigrate by 1990." "Like other problems for me, it's just the black vein," he explains. "I see no images, I see nothing." (Don't mind a possibly federal Liberal leader, he says categorically that he will not go into federal politics—although some change his mind before McIntyre would change his mind if Clinton resigned some time in the near future. That leaves the here and now—his all-consuming status as goldfish 18 years of public service will be paid. "I can complete this major transformation of New Brunswick, that, for me, will represent all the fulfillment I need in public life," he says, rather like the dreamer.)

And if his grand dream doesn't come to pass? "I'll be disappointed, but at present," McKenna answers in a firm voice, "I've put so much into the job every night and every week that I don't know how I could do more." Then, abruptly, he got out of the car and headed for the lights of home. It was nearly 11 p.m. But Frank McKenna was still running. □



An Atlantic phoenix rises

*Leaving its gritty image behind,
Moncton prepares for a bright future*

The Petibonzo River running alongside town is a muddy gully. The main street, with its boards up storefronts, could serve as a waste run for the detritus of any bigged North American city. No one in this right word would confuse March in a Maort with April in Piru. So why—in a city that once hosted the snappy nickname "Wayback Inn of the Maritimes"—are so many people so breathlessly enthusiastic about their home town? It's a new sight," exults James Leckey, a Liberal MLA who grew up there in the 1960s. "For the first time in years, people feel good about themselves and feel proud to be from Moncton. Welcome to the emboldened of Essex."

McKenna's ambitious vision for New Brunswick—a city transforming itself from a stagnant symbol of the past to a bustling harbinger of the future.

Mexico is a gritty phoenix rising from the ashes. By the early 1980s, the railway—and prosperity—had pretty much disappeared. Now, the city of 100,000 is living up to its Latin motto, *Amigo* ("I rise again")—shedding its dependence on oil, nature, industries and flailing new ways to exploit its strategic location and bilingual workforce as a center for trade, transportation and communications. Foundries now companies have added more than 900 jobs in the past three years and helped to push the unemployment rate down to about 11 per cent, a level that

Lockyer, downtown Moncton
(opposite): For the first time
in years, people feel proud to
be from Moncton.

valued among Atlantic cities and by Halifax. Overall, there is a wide-open, frontier feel to the second-tier cities among Maritime cities. The excitement is contagious enough that even big news—such as Ottawa's decision to close Canadian Forces Base Moncton, which employs 393 people—cannot spoil the party. "This city has been forged by fire," says Moncton developer Richard Carpentier, who doesn't think we're ever going

Ask Monctonians to describe the city and they won't be little time apologizing for its appearance. Instead, they point to the sprawling industrial park and malls on the outskirts.

the city, where a mixture of big-box and local firms prove arguably the best shopping in Atlantic Canada. They are proud of the city's new wave of homegrown French and English entrepreneurs who are making their mark peddling everything from video gambling machines to pizzas. They rave about the one-of-a-kind buildings and warehouses that are home to national telemarketing firms like Federal Express Canada Ltd. and Purulacor Corp. Ltd. Notes Montreal native Debbie Ables-Likins, who returned home from Jamaica as senior manager of customer services for Purulacor when it opened its national customer service centre in 1992: "This thing isn't the same here, ever."

If Montanans could be proud of their own state, they have good reason to be. In 1990, *Chadronia montana* ruled Montana one.

▲

The 13 best places to live in all of Canada. And economic development officials from cities across the continent issue regular press releases to Montreal to learn their secret. Compared with the city's traditional success, the previous heyday was in mid-century when CN Rail's 6,000 mail-paying jobs made the city one of the busiest stops in Atlantic Canada. The city's economic boom was a series of crippling economic blows—the worst of which occurred in 1975 when Elcom's Canada Ltd. and 2,000 out of work by closing its regional computer centre in Montreal. Ten years later, CN's decision to move 1,000 jobs to Toronto and 2,500 to 2,500 Manitobans to the unemployment lines, confirmed the city's downward slide. And, all the time, Montreal had other problems—the biggest being a cultural rejection of French immigrants. In the 1960s and 1970s, French immigrants of Leonard J. Jones, the city's mayor during much of the 1960s and 1970s. By the 1980s, recalls Loefer, one of the city's most vocal boosters, "Montreal was the most ethnically diverse and ready to throw the book at anyone who tried to put the

The drastic harassment in the city's borders is no fiction. For one thing, the alien-Rightist French relationship, which scholars and critics Norberto Freyre, who spent his boyhood in Moscow, once described as "based on blood," has been transformed, as he also ascribed, "has been transformed, as [1968]. the government of former president Leonel Rodrigues gave French officials status with (English) by giving them Brazilian's own Official Language Act, a major boost for the 30 per cent of the city's population who are francophones. The city's facilities reform was also aided by the establishment of the Université de Montréal, the largest French-language university in North America and inside Quebec. At the same time, Mouton has been on the leading edge when it comes to demonstrating how to meet the needs of a

It has been a team effort. Five years ago the various levels of government and the local

business community joined forces to promote Meritor. But instead of trying to attract all kinds of companies, they focused their efforts on back-office support operations and tele-marketing businesses that are well-suited to what the city has to offer—a bilingual workforce and advanced communications infrastructure. Now, hardly a day goes by when Premier McKenna, his economic development staffers or officials from the Greater Meritoria Economic Commission are not talking to the business world about Meritor.

SRI, all the salmon aquaculture in the world would amount to little if there were no stocks to go with the smolt. Monckton's relatively low salaries and cheap real estate are allowing its first employer from outside Atlantic Canada, Burt Conner Inc., Canada's largest manufacturer and services of electrical appliances, was drawn to Monckton's halibut world where it went searching in 1991 for a place to centralize its telephone undertaking operations. "It has worked out far better than we expected," notes Neil Garthorn, the company's Atlantic sales and service leader.

That we'll still talk chat—a recent expansion doubled Canon's Monsoon staff from 63 to 80. And it appears that other newsmakers are also happy with their new location. A prime example is Toronto-based Parolair, which was originally attracted to Monsoon by the presence of New Brunswick Telephone Co. Ltd., which offers advanced technology and some of the lowest phone rates in the country. Last month, Parolair began hiring 200 more people for its Monsoon-based national customer telephone service, which will eventually push the total count to 400.

In truth, newcomers from Upper Canada were only part of the Macedonian story. The city has been infused with energy by a new generation of young, Welsh business leaders. Much of the migration comes from the hard-driving Acadia businesspeople who are making the most of the new opportunities available now that they have shaken off the old sin-French legacy. A prime example is Michel Sitarache, the Macedonian-born lawyer who heads Assurances Mutual Ltd., which administers more than \$300 million in investments and occupies a shiny, 20-storey new stretch in the middle of downtown.

They maintain counterparts are discrediting that Monaco is an easier place to do business than are conservative, class-conscious Maritime centres such as Halifax and Saint John, N.E. where old-money establishments tend to dominate. "There here no one cares what side of the tracks you come from," says Carpenter, 65, who, in a way, is the very essence of Monaco's new spirit. His company, Heritage Developments Ltd., owns old buildings, such as the former Casino's strategic centre, spruces them up and transforms them into modern commercial developments. Their original owners probably would not recognize the structures. Then again, they probably wouldn't recognize Monaco, either.

... PREVIOUS ISSUE



QUESTIONS: Do you have any questions?

FRIENDS IN NEED

Canadians offer a helping hand to South Africa

In 1998, Johannesburg native Andrew Orkin packed his belongings and left South Africa to begin a new life. He became a Canadian citizen, studied law at Manitoba's McGill University and eventually opened a practice in Ottawa, where he specializes in native rights. Now, 18 years after his arrival in Canada, Orkin, 43, is preparing to revisit the land of his birth. As coordinator of a seven-member delegation

led by Orkin and his colleagues prepare to don the blue jackets that will be worn by some 3,000 international observers, including about 100 Canadians, violence and political turmoil threaten the April 26 to 29 elections—leaving many South Africans uneasy. "Their hearts are in their mouths," says Orkin. "And so are ours."

While the world watches and waits, Canadians from all walks of life are trying to ease

Canadian governments have led the way in isolating Pretoria, pushing for sanctions against the apartheid regime and demanding voting rights for black South Africans.

With fast-paced action, Canadians are playing a major role in South Africa's transformation. "Canadians are doing a great many things, and they are doing them well," says former senior federal bureaucrat AJ Johnson, 70, who is now helping to train future black

and a further \$30 million through the Ottawa-based International Development Research Centre for educational reform and economic policy formulation. Another \$10 million is earmarked for black entrepreneurs. "There are lots of tax dollars that go to questionable use in Canada," says Rick Jackson, international affairs director for the Canadian Labour Congress (CLC), which has been a long-standing supporter of the anti-apartheid struggle. "But from a security point of view, when what might have been arrested here in a full-scale civil war, the money that has been spent on democratic development in South Africa is well worth it." Indeed, the potential for uncontrolled violence was underscored again last week when more than 50 people were killed and around Johannesburg during pitched battles between supporters of the Zulu-based Inkatha Freedom Party, which is boycotting the election, and Nelson Mandela's African National Congress (ANC).

Apparently the most important Canadian in South Africa is Ronald Gould. Elections Canada's assistant chief electoral officer began a partial list of countries in which staff will be served as an election observer or adviser made like a questionnaire. Albania, Bulgaria, Cambodia, El Salvador, Guyana, Honduras, Kenya, Mongolia, Nicaragua and Zambia. He first visited South Africa as a consultant in March, 1993. Later, he was asked to advise an independent commission on judicial reform headed by South African Justice Richard Goldstone. During the negotiations that led to South Africa's interim constitution, Gould helped draft the new electoral laws. The proclamation of those laws last fall led to the creation of the Independent Electoral Commission (IEC) to ensure that the vote is free and fair.

By then, Gould had returned to Ottawa to work on October's federal election. But in January, he learned that the IEC—which has 11 South African members—had chosen him to be one of the international commissioners

ers. The others are from the United States, Denmark, Zimbabwe and Estonia.

Until the election results are final, Gould, 46, is living in a downtown Johannesburg hotel across from the IEC's high-security security headquarters. Although the location is convenient, there are drawbacks. "This is a high crime area, so other than during the daytime I have to have armed security just

and administration." After he returns to his hotel, he usually around 11 p.m. Gould speaks by phone with Elections Canada and Foreign Affairs officials in Ottawa, updating them on the latest developments.

Widely acknowledged to be the most experienced elections expert on the IEC, Gould has no interest in becoming a South African politician and disapproves of the voting process, right from the moment a voter enters the polling station and is stamped with an invariable ink as a safeguard against fraud. But the commission is quick to give credit where credit is due. Assessing the IEC are about a dozen Canadian experts seconded from Elections Canada and provincial returning officers. Already, they have done everything from training electoral officials to designing a voting program for disabled people. "I really wonder whether the South African election would have been possible without the contribution of the Canadians," Gould says.

As it is, Gould faces many frustrations—most the "lack of vision" he believes, in the "vastness" of the country of the election. Ideally, he explains, South Africa would have waited at least a year after establishing the IEC before staging its first national vote. Instead, the IEC must now deal with a four-month deadline. "We are really playing basketball every day in this game," Gould

Gould (left) with bodyguard "brotherhood"

crosses the street," he explains. Typically, Gould and several other commissioners put on every morning at 8 a.m. with the IEC and members responsible for electoral operations. Then, he begins with a special task force that is executing the setup and policing of polling stations—there will be between 7,500 and 8,000 throughout the country—before heading out "one morning after another on various aspects of electoral management

and Madiba." "I think we will ultimately be able to pull this election off—but it certainly will be in the eleventh hour, and it certainly will be based on some very tight margins. In no way that you can pull off an election of this quality that should be carried out in this country given the time frame."

As Gould and the IEC's advisers frantically sort out the final details, Canadian provincial ministers are working to ensure that vote

THREATENING A CIVIL WAR

It begins like any other Monday in Africa's fastest growing state, but by mid-morning the streets of Johannesburg resemble a battlefield—quipped with blood and littered with bodies. Carrying guns and explosives, some 10,000 Zulus—members of South Africa's largest tribe—descended on the city to demand an autonomous Zulu kingdom in post-apartheid South Africa. But as the marchers roared the headquarters of the rival African National Congress, ANC guards opened fire with pistols, shotguns and automatic weapons. ANC officials said later that the guards wanted to disperse the Zulus and prevent them from blocking the highway. The resulting onslaught left about 30 dead in the city center—bringing to more than 400 the number of people killed in campaign violence since mid-February.

It was not 34 assassinations often for an elec-

tion that marks the location of the country's black majority from white domination. But with less than a month until South Africa's ink to the polls, the ANC and the Zulu-dominated Inkatha Freedom Party, led by 66-year-old Chief Mangosuthu Buthe, are locked in a deadly struggle. The conflict focuses energy on Natal province, a former British colony that is now Buthe's stronghold. Denouncing autonomy for KwaZulu, as the Zulus call their homeland, Buthe is boycotting the April 26 to 29 elections and threatening to launch a civil war.

Buthe's problem is that South Africa's 25 million Zulus are split between those loyal to Inkatha and those who lean towards the ANC. Critics charge that his is an encouraging bloody election in order to convince Zulus that their interests—and their lives—would be at risk in an ANC-led South Africa.

Meanwhile, the ANC is working to neutralize

Inkatha and other black organizations in advance of the vote. Over the past few weeks, South Africa has been rocked by pre-election, pre-vote openings in a series of tribal institutions created under the apartheid regime: Baphutha, Bhele, Gxale, Lembede and Qwaka. In each case, the violence led to intervention by South Africa's transitional government, which is dominated by the ANC.

Revered to ANC pressure after the Johannesburg, SA President F. W. de Klerk declared a state of emergency. Buthe later issued a law giving the army wide powers to use bullets, snipers and snipers' weapons. Although de Klerk denied that police motives lay behind the intervention, Buthe called it an "invasion" and vowed a fight to the end. "This declaration is the first step of the war," said Inkatha ministerialist Haniway Mkhize. As the troops rushed into Natal, the only question was how high the death toll would rise.

RICH LAMAR with CHRIS GRASSMAN in Cape Town
MAGNETIC IMAGES/11 Type 33



Street clashes in Johannesburg: uncontrolled violence threatens the elections

South Africa's painful march to democracy. Their efforts are part of a long Canadian tradition. When Prime Minister John Diefenderfer spearheaded the drive to repeal the apartheid laws in the Commonwealth in 1981, because of its racist policies, he expressed hope that it would one day mean to the international table, declaring that "there will always be a light in the Commonwealth window." Ever since,

politicians and civil servants in Johannesburg are the very of the donor community. "In December, Foreign Affairs Minister Aarti Goulet announced a \$2.5-billion package to support South Africa's transition to democracy. That contribution is in addition to previous commitments of \$12 million through the Canadian International Development Agency

sponsored in part by the federal government and the Canadian International Development Agency. It will be to Johannesburg this week as an official observer of an event that would have been unthinkable a few years ago. South Africa's first universal, democratic elections. "The real version and history is being made by South Africans themselves," says Orkin, the profile accorded at his homeland still distinctive. "The rest of us are neutral observers—we have been asked to bring our eyes and our ears."

of education programs and political rallies throughout South Africa are free of intimidation and violence. Sinter Hasi! Campaign, a Rastan Catholic men who both drive Guyana but now lives in Toronto, is one such individual. Based in Kaituma Township in the East End, near the Black Mountain of Cato, Campaign serves on the Economic Monitoring Program as a representative of the Canadian Council of Churches. "We monitor rallies to look at how things are developing and whether there is intimidation, how free the process is and so forth," Campaign says. "It is fascinating." The list of other Canadian monitors includes a five-member delegation from the Canadian Auto Workers union (CAW) and the Canadian Union of Public Employees, who left for South Africa on March 25 to assess the pre-election climate in the black townships around Johannesburg. Said delegation member Jeff Hopley, a CAW representative from Vancouver. "People are desperate that the process work because the consequences of it not working are not to be contemplated."

The National Action Committee on the Status of Women (NAC) is also sending monitors to see whether new women are affected by the election campaign. "If the election is to be fair and free, then the participation of women is essential," says NAC president Sandra Thibault. She added that women in rural areas are especially subject to intimidation by rival black organizations and right-wing whites because, in many cases, their husbands live and work elsewhere. In December, Thibault travelled to South Africa on a fact-finding mission.



ANC leader Nelson Mandela at Transkei rally, London

for COSATU-Canada along with its chairman, Myer Brownstein, former New Democratic Party leader I.D. Braintree, former Conservative cabinet minister Pierre MacDonell and former Liberal party president Jean Campbell. South Africans reportedly told the dele-

gation that Canadian observers could help to deter violence during the election period.

In addition to an official team of 15 observers led by Christine Stewart, the junior minister responsible for Latin America and Africa, 35 Canadians with the United Nations observer team and five with the Commonwealth observer mission, more than 60 observers have been accredited by the ANC as representatives of Canadian organizations. They include the Canadian Council of Churches, the CMC, the Canadian Bar Association and COSATU-Canada, which is sending 20 observers to strife-ridden Natal province. The COSATU delegation includes such people as former B.C. premier Dave Barrett and journalist Doris Anderson. Nancy Gordon, who works for CAMC Canada in Ottawa, will travel to the black homeland of QwaQwa as an observer. "Canadians have taken a real interest in South Africa for a long time," says Gordon. "The custom of being there at such a historically important time is really exciting."

On that point, Al Johnson is in full agreement. During a distinguished career in the public service, Johnson served as deputy labour minister in Saskatchewan, assistant deputy finance minister in Ottawa, constitutional adviser to Pierre Trudeau, Treasury Board secretary, deputy minister of national welfare and president of the CBC. But the chance to help train future South African leaders, he says, is rather appealing. He has done before. "I have had a range of experience," Johnson says, "but to make some small contribution to the birth of a new democratic system in South Africa is kind of a dream."

With funding from Ottawa, Johnson's group is helping to train candidates for the city services, most of them ANC members. As part of their studies, they have been sent to Zimbabwe and Namibia, countries that have both been through the transition to majority rule. A further 30 will spend time in Canada in April. In addition, three of the ANC's campaign managers for provincial representation in South Africa travelled to Saskatchewan, Ontario and New Brunswick in February, where they sat in on cabinet and caucus meetings.

The task ahead is arduous. "All of the operations of government will change, with the shift in power from whites to blacks," says Johnson. "But as one who is familiar with the new generation of South African leaders, he says people need not fear a radical approach—or, in some conversations have predicted, the rise of communism. "The leaders will believe in responsible as they can," says Johnson, adding that the new government will have to manage expectations as well as manage sensitive changes in policy. "For all the help they are receiving from outsiders, that is something South Africans will have to do on their own."

SCOTT STEELE



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■ ITALY

Enter Berlusconi

A media tycoon leads a rightist coalition to victory

ne of Italy's most famous, he lives in an 18th-century villa outside Milan. The house is so lush that when guests tire of admiring the priceless art collection, they can take a trip to an indoor pool surrounded by giant TV sets and a bar. Berlusconi is a talk-show host. Those who feel the need for quiet meditation can retire to his personal chapel and, at the stroke of a button, relax to recorded Gregorian chants. On nights when the soccer club he owns, AC Milan, is scheduled to play a crucial derby, there is greater than ever the chance that he will be forced to cheer on his team—use of Europe's best, Zinedine Zidane, 30, is an entrepreneurial superstar who presides over as much as includes not only three TV networks, but also Italy's largest department store, a publishing empire, a magazine and an army of investors in industries from public relations and advertising. With his family's famed double-breasted suits and conspicuous love of the good life, Berlusconi, ever smiling, always tanned, is an unlikely underbelly-bombing candidate that this group of men, who have been in power since 2001, are not. They are the new lords of the Italian election victory last week—leaving the media tycoon poised to form Italy's 33rd postwar government.

Disputed by a series of corruption scandals over the past two years (starting in 2001), Berlusconi—the party that took power in May 2001—has been the subject of a 49 million-vote war were clearly in a mood for change. Many turned to Berlusconi, who in January launched the latest powerhouse on the Italian political scene: Forza Italia. The move, which rapidly transformed it to "Go Italy," reached its climax when Berlusconi's party won a landslide victory in the May 2001 elections. Berlusconi and his colleagues at AC Milan team are national heroes. Forza Italia and two smaller right-wing parties—the demagogic Northern League and the moderate National Alliance—won a bare majority in the Italian parliament. Berlusconi's "charismatic" rise was the first for Italy, a country that has produced the world's most caustic cartoonists the remnants of the fascist Christian Democrats, and the leftist Progressives Alliance, comprised largely of Socialists and neo-Communists.

When the votes were counted, Berlusconi's National Alliance had won 15% of the vote, but 25% of the seats. Behind it, the

parental home is the upper house of Italy's parliament. Even more important, the alliance captured an absolute majority of 366 seats in the 634-member chamber of deputies, the legislative lower house.

But Berlusconi's victory may not be as solid as it appears. His Forza Italia is sandwiched between two diametrically opposed coalition partners. The autonomy-seeking Northern League, with its roots in the affluent industrialized Lombardy region surrounding Milan, advocates lower tax with Rome and with the impoverished south, which some self-styled northerners consider a tax drain. The southeast National Alliance, on the other hand, advocates strong central government.

With the two groups so fundamentally mismatched, why did the two men work together? Both Berlusconi and his Freedom Alliance are capable of forming a stable government—something that has eluded Italy during more than four decades of so-called spaghetti parliaments. During that period, the country's system of proportional representation prevented any party from ever capturing a majority. Berlusconi's Northern League leader Umberto Bossi, who holds the balance of power in the coalition, insisted emphatically after last week's vote that Berlusconi would not make a suitable leader. "He has too many intentions to be prime minister," said Bossi. "There would be a conflict of interest every day." But after meeting with Bossi, Berlusconi sounded confident about his prospects. "We will have a good government and we will share it equally," he declared. "There is no air of crisis today. We're on the right track."

Nothing at his Forts Italian was more sensitive than either of its two partners, Berlusconi added that "it would be logical" for President Oscar Luigi Scalfaro to invite him to become the next prime minister when parliament reconvenes on April 25 if that happens, his rhetoric rise will be complete. The son of a Milanese bank director, Berlusconi held a succession of odd jobs as a young man, including stints as a nightclub and cruise-ship singer. In the early 1980s, with virtually no capital, he began to construct apartment buildings on the outskirts of Milan. The strong demand for low-cost housing made one big hit.

Berlusconi then turned his attention from real estate to communications. At the time, regulations permitted private ownership of local TV stations but prohibited anyone but the government from operating an actual network. He deftly got around those limitations by simultaneously broadcasting such popular TV fodder as game shows and soap operas from a number of unconnected local outlets—whose audiences grew ever larger when Berlusconi stepped up the Italian rights to such American TV favorites as *Dynasty* and *Gothia*. His Fininvest S.p.A. now operates

their private networks and boasts an audience that rivals the three state-owned channels. In Italy, Berlusconi is widely known as



"I think we should just keep going. How far north does this road go?"

File-Confined, Surface, and Damage



99 **NORTH**

▼ Almost immediately, Elie knew he wanted to get the 1994 Bonneville out onto the open road. However, what Elie didn't know was that we were preparing to take him on the ideal drive which he'd already described for us. ▼ Elie's vision was of a long and winding single lane road with trees, wildflowers and expansive horizons ending with water. ▼ The place? "The Scoo to Sky highway in British Columbia." ▼ The Pacific Coast Mountains were on his right and the ocean on the left, clearly the Bonneville was centre stage in Elie's mind. ▼ He talked about the handling and how the 3.8 litre V6 engine listened and responded to his commands. ▼ How there was so searching for the controls as they were all where he expected them to be. ▼ And the comfort level and confidence provided by Tracker Control, ABS and dual air bags. ▼ When it did, it was difficult to get Elie to also talk about all the 1994 Bonneville's V-6's. It will be some time difficult to lead him to stop, drop and go.



PONTIAC BONNEVILLE



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Concert Hall, Royal York Hotel

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CBC Broadcaster, Author
"The Media's Role in Society: The Media Viewpoint"
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Concert Hall, Royal York Hotel

- **HONOURABLE WILLARD ESTY, C.C., B.A., LL.B., LL.M.**
Chairman, Ontario Press Council, former Canadian Supreme Court Justice
"Freedom of Expression vs. The Individual's Right to Privacy"
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Ballroom, Royal York Hotel

- **FREDERIC L.R. JACKMAN, Ph.D.**
President, The Empire Club of Canada
"Media and Society: Bridging the Gap"
April 28, 1994, 12:00 noon
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WORLD

"She's Different"—His Transfiguration

As his engine sputtered, Berlusconi radioed an Iraqi as a self-made man. And with his success came the disintegrated film of Cavaliere del lusso fought of labor, a pre-emptive boxer slurred by a elite group of businessmen. Critics, however, say that Berlusconi owes his extraordinary business successes to a network of highly placed, powerful friends—including disgraced former Socialist leader and prime minister Bettino Craxi, who last week went on trial for corruption and fraud. Craxi, who befriended Berlusconi when they were both students in Milan, is widely viewed in Italy as the last emperor's political protector.

That bond is at the core of Berlusconi's success: a campaign manager. He contemptuously rejected socialist-planned politicians and socialist government, at times sounding like an Italian Ross Perot, the eccentric Texas billionaire who in 1992 sought the American presidency. But the former Italian leader pretends to think of himself as a disciple of conservative supply-siders Ronald Reagan and Margaret Thatcher. An autocrat capitalist, he has promised "a new economic contract" for Italy based on tax cuts, privatization of state-owned companies and help for small business. In addition, he wants to tighten immigration rules and has called for a return to basic "family values."

The wild card in Berlusconi's coalition is undoubtedly the neo-fascist National Alliance, which is now the third most popular force in Italy with 23.5 per cent of the vote. During a victory rally for National Alliance leader Giuliano Fini in Rome last week, some young Italian ultra-rightists sang fascist salutes and shouted "Duce, Duce." The cry of support for Fascist dictator Benito Mussolini who ruled Italy from 1922 until his execution in 1945. Throughout the campaign, Fini had tried to distance himself from the shadows of the wartime Fascist regime. But in a post-election interview with *l'Espresso*, the Italian newspaper, he called Mussolini "the greatest politician of the century." The 33-year-old grandson of Fini, Alessandra Mussolini, was herself elected as a deputy to a second term in May. "It's like a dream," she said of her party's gain.

To many others, the fascist's strong showing seemed more like a nightmare. Still, even ex-Communist Achille Occhetto, whose Progressives placed a distant second behind the Finisocial Alliance, agreed that the media mogul deserved a chance to form a government. "Let's see it all up in the air," he said. Craxi, however, predicted that the strains in Berlusconi's coalition would force Italian back to the polls by October. To put it another way, the length of Berlusconi's political honeymoon may depend on whether he can prevent his two closest partners from slitting his throat.

NOTE: STYLING with correspondence reporter

CANING CONTROVERSY

President Bill Clinton appealed for clemency after an American teenager was sentenced in Singapore to caning for vandalism. The judge who upheld 15-year-old Michael Fay's sentence said that he "hardheartedly and wilfully" committed 16 acts of vandalism over a 10-day period. But the U.S. Embassy in Singapore described the order that Fay be flogged six times with a bamboo rod as "an excessive penalty for a youthful first offender."

FUNDAMENTALIST KILLINGS

Muslim militants in Algeria killed two young women for refusing to wear Islamic veils. The women, aged 16 and 18, were among more than 30 people killed last week in violence linked to Muslim fundamentalists, who want to overthrow the country's military-backed government.

TOBACCO BATTLE

A coalition of 26 U.S. personal injury lawyers, led by the tobacco lawyer Mervyn D. Weiss, announced a class-action suit against the tobacco industry on behalf of everyone ever addicted to nicotine. The lawsuit is one of a series of high-profile U.S. lawsuits on the tobacco industry. Separately, the Food and Drug Administration (FDA) has accused the industry of intentionally selling cigarettes with an addictive level of nicotine. The FDA is seeking to classify cigarettes as a drug so it can regulate their sale.

EUROPEAN CLUB EXPANDS

Austria, Finland, Norway and Sweden have agreed to join the 12-member European Union next June. Each country's entry must now be approved by its own parliament.

CHUNNEL DELAYED

Shut by technical problems, the \$20-billion Channel Tunnel between Britain and France will likely not begin full passenger services until September, four months behind schedule. The opening of the 30-mile roadway rail tunnel has repeatedly been held up by faulty alarms and ventilators, a shortage of trained staff and inadequate evacuation procedures.

NEW MEXICAN CANDIDATE

Meeting in secret, officials of Mexico's ruling party chose Emilio Zedillo, former governor of Coahuila, as the party's new candidate in the Aug. 21 presidential election. Zedillo, 42, had been campaign manager for Luis Donaldo Colosio, who was killed by an assassin's bullet on March 25.

World NOTES



PAIN AND PROTEST: A Palestinian youth looks on Orthodox Jew in Jerusalem's Old City, amid protests over the killing of six Palestinians by Jewish troops. Despite the violence, Israel and the Palestinian Liberation Organization later agreed to resume talks on Palestinian self-rule in Gaza and Jericho. Two breakthroughs followed Israel's decision to allow international observers to patrol Hebron, the town where an Israeli settler slaughtered at least 29 Muslims on Feb. 26.

Weary of Whitewater

Since the announcement of Bill and Hillary Clinton in the so-called Whitewater real estate project became a Washington obsession only this year, the U.S. media have left few citizens unscathed and few politicians unscathed. The President and First Lady were named in pursuit of political scandals. The main focus recently has been Hillary Clinton's dealings in the real estate commodities market 15 years ago, a 12-month venture that yielded a profit of \$250,000 (\$1.5 million in 1985).

Although data released by the White House show no sign of ill-gotten gains, the size of the gains provoked more suspicion. But last week, as the Clintons began a California spring break with daughter Chelsea, there was evidence that the public is weary of Whitewater and that some Americans are sick and tired of the attacks in a late-March Gallup poll, seven out of 10 respondents faulted the media for "paying too much attention to Whitewater." Meanwhile, a group of pro-Hillary critics, including actor Mark Hamill and others, joined a letter to the editor in a *San Diego* paper, asking that the Clintons be given a "fair trial" and not a "media trial."

From the moment of his arrest in 1989 for crimes against humanity, New collaborator Paul Touvier has insisted that he be a prisoner of conscience. But in a French courtroom last week, prosecutors read from a notebook that police noted when they found Touvier hiding in a monastery in southern France. In it, Touvier had jotted down confessions such as "Jewish partners," "Jew Box," and "Jewish Jewish partners." "Jew Box," said "Jewish Jewish partners," in reference to newspaper articles and television programs about his case. Touvier, who has admitted slandering and swears Jews to die before a firing squad in 1994, told the court that his notes were meant "for amusement." His trial is expected to last until late April.

In his own words

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A man of property

BUSINESS

Peter Munk plans to spin profits from gold into real estate

BY BRENDA DALGLISH

As a younger man, Peter Munk, now 56, made several of the big mistakes that can claim the fortunes of less realistic entrepreneurs. In his 30s, during his first business adventure, the Hungarian-born engineer's ambition to manufacture Distarsc Sound Corp. (of) systems exceeded his capital and his dream was soon stifled out by debt. He left Canada and recouped those losses by developing a chain of resorts and hotels in the South Pacific. Munk returned to Canada in 1979, and within a few years began buying gold mines because he was convinced that the price of gold would rise. Instead, it dropped. But, cautious after his first failure, Munk had developed such a carefully hedged financial strategy that even when gold prices fell, his resources held steady. Then, through a combination of good managers and luck, Munk and his rising company, American Barrick Resources Corp., struck a number of gold in Nevada in 1987. Last week, he developed his latest investment strategy. This time, instead of trying to build from scratch or to buy into the hottest investment of the day, Munk revealed a plan to acquire a business-proven chunk of the most depressed and unfashionable business of the 1980s: commercial real estate.

Munk's holding company, Harbison Corp. of Toronto, announced last week that it wants to invest \$600 million in Trizec Corp. of Calgary. In return, it will receive a 49 percent stake in the debt-leveraged real estate company controlled by the Edouard Brodeur group of companies in Toronto. The deal, which was immediately approved by a group of Trizec creditors whose loans are secured by individual properties, is far from complete. That industry analysts—who say that Trizec's portfolio of 81 shopping centres and office buildings is one of the biggest and best in North America—said that if Munk is able to overcome the legal barriers, he will have created a company that is likely to prosper if the North American economy continues to recover. "It's not a better a price money," said one real estate expert who commented sceptically, "but it has the potential to make some very big returns."

For his part, Munk says that he is most interested in the unique opportunity Trizec presents. "It's not so much real estate per se," he said from a public telephone in Palmdale last week. "From our position, having \$1 billion U.S. cash, it was the right time

and the right company. They do need our help, and they need it now." Still, it was an unexpected move for Harbison. In addition to its equity investment, a 35-percent stake in American Barrick, Harbison owns 100 per cent of Clark Building and Manufacturing Inc., a U.S.-based oil company, and has a \$90-million investment in a 900-acre real estate development on the outskirts of Berlin. Last year, Harbison raised \$605 million with the stated intention of making new investments. But at the time, Munk seemed more focused on opportunities in China than on real

estate in North America. "Real estate is very regional," he said then in an interview with *Maclean's*. In his last interview before leaving Toronto, "Toronto, may be not, but like the Jamaica or Mexico City, yeah, we might be interested."

Munk, like his friend George Soros, a U.S. investment adviser, and the Rockefellers family, led Hungary during the Second World War. But he did not appear to share their enthusiasm for property. Last year Soros, whose investment moves were carefully followed by others, formed a partnership with the Rockefellers to undertake a major development in Mexico City. "We like real estate," Munk said in November, "but it's not real estate in the Rockefeller sort of way. They like leverage; we don't like leverage so much."

Just four months later, however, Munk appears ready to plunge almost half of his cash into a highly leveraged North American real estate company that is believed to be on the brink of collapse. But analysts welcomed the move based on Munk's record of success since Clarence "Mac" has done well with distressed assets in the past," said Mari Cohen, an analyst with Kidder Peabody & Co. Inc. in New York City. "He bought Clark out of the bankruptcy court."

Trizec's financial condition, however, may not be willing to fuel such a sale. In fact, they are already trying to granulate the company's properties that they hold as collateral for their loans. And they question some aspects of the Trizec-Brodeur arrangement, particularly a guarantee to Harbison of an opportunity to match any other bids that are presented, and a \$10-million fee to Munk's company if the planned purchase falls through. "They appear to have set a sweetheart deal for themselves," said Derrick Tye, lawyer for the debenture holders. He noted, furthermore, that if Harbison's offer succeeds, Edouard Brodeur's management would be able to retain a small interest in Trizec's properties. Munk has a longstanding relationship with the group and one of its top executives, Trevor Elyon, is a director of American Barrick. But Brodeur's success may use the terms of their arrangement are not unusual, and Munk says that the deal was "absolutely not" influenced by his relationship with Edouard.

Real estate veterans also question another aspect of Harbison's plan to diversify into real estate. One suggested that in the current depressed market—there are virtually no buyers for the many commercial buildings now for sale in Canada—Munk would have done better by shopping for individual properties rather than trying to buy a company that is the kind of legal disaster and is encumbered with debt and management problems. But Harbison spokesman Greg Wilson said that by acquiring Trizec, Harbison would gain not only a diversified group of properties, including a prime collection of California malls, but also the experienced managers able to operate them.

Selecting good managers and then following their advice appears to be one of Munk's guiding principles. When he decided to invest in gold, his first move was to acquire a skilled management. Munk, who had bought Canada Mines Ltd., a small Ontario gold mine, in 1980, wanted to acquire a group of managers led by veteran mining engineer Bob Smith, now president of American Barrick. Munk recalls his shock when on the day he took over Canbio, the previous owner advised him to fire Smith. Munk ignored the advice. "Bob Smith was the only Canada-based manager I could find against my advisors," says Munk. "That was a win. I showed that the day had gone, that he wasn't afraid to stand up and disagree." It was an astute judgment: Smith is the one who recommended investing in a Nevada property that eventually produced the Goldstrike mine. And Goldstrike is the reason that rising analysts consider American Barrick to be the best gold producer in North America.

Observers credit Munk's hands-off management style for much of his success. "It's a vision," said Peter Canella, a Toronto investment manager who specializes in gold. "And most investors have such strong personalities and opinions that they think they know everything better than anyone else. Munk is different, he listens to his people." Munk says that he recognizes his own limitations. "I always make the decision, the emotional choices are that I will be wrong a good percentage of the time," and Munk, settled into the depths of a well-thought chair in his office overlooking a city street and golf courses and antique shops in Toronto's Yorkville district. "But if you make gross decisions, you're in the chaos of error. The more heads the better."

In fact, Munk, who spends much of the winter staying in Switzerland



Trizec's Treasures

Assets:
\$5.7 BILLION (continued)

United States: 69 RETAIL, AND OFFICE BUILDINGS

Canada: 22 RETAIL, AND OFFICE BUILDINGS AND 2 HOTELS, including
ROYAL CENTRE in British Columbia
CANNERS HALL in Calgary
CANADA PLACE in Edmonton
PLACE VILLE MARIE in Montreal
MARITIME CENTRE in Halifax
RAY-ADELAIDE CENTRE in Toronto
(Add for better shopping world)

Munk, Trizec's Calgary Tower Investor: "They need our help, and they need it now!"

WACHTSANTJARE 11. 1994 43

'A landmark experiment'

Doctors use new genes to jump-start a liver

Ever since researchers found in 1986 that many of the flawed genes that can cause deadly human diseases, scientists have held out the hope of treatments and cures based on the discoveries that so far, most of the early attempts at gene therapy have been only partly successful. Now a Philadelphia radical team has reported an approach to gene therapy that has given a new lease on life to a 36-year-old Quebec City woman who suffers from a rare and dangerous illness. The disease, called familial hypercholesterolemia, causes high levels of cholesterol to form in the body. In a report published last week in the journal *Nature Genetics*, Dr. James Wilson and Marcia Grossman of the University of Pennsylvania Medical Centre said that they injected a portion of the woman's liver in June, 1992, inserted properly functioning genes into cells from her liver, and then injected about one million of the treated cells into a vein that leads directly into the liver. Although Wilson called the treatment "a partial correction," the results were impressive. Within four months of the treatment, they reported, the woman's cholesterol levels had dropped by 28 per cent, though they still remain well above normal levels.

Despite the limited success, experts in the field applauded the work of the Philadelphia team, particularly since most of the other doctors who have attempted gene therapy in recent years have yet to formally publish their results. Said Dr. John Kane, director of the Lipid Clinic at the University of California in San Francisco: "This is a landmark experiment. It is the Kitty Hawk of gene therapy."

The patient, a blond Frenchwoman who appeared at a Philadelphia news conference with two researchers and spoke through an interpreter, was a woman desperately in need of treatment. A neurosurgeon and part-time bank teller, the woman, who requested that her name not be published, suffered a heart attack in the age of 35 and had to undergo coronary bypass surgery when she



Wilson, Quebec patient: 'A landmark experiment'

was 28 because of the enormous buildup of cholesterol in her body. Two brothers died of heart attacks in their 30s. She told reporters that, thanks to the gene therapy, she now felt able to "do more physical activity like skiing, dancing and other social activities."

In describing her treatment, Wilson estimated that between three and five per cent of the woman's liver cells are functioning normally and depositing or excreting cholesterol in the blood stream. As well, the woman is benefiting from cholesterol-lowering drugs that had no effect on her before. Despite that, Wilson said that her cholesterol levels are still more than twice as high as they were before.

During the past decade, the rapid advances in genetic science raised the prospect that new drugs and therapies would easily follow. So far, scientists have located dozens of defective genes, including the ones responsible for several types of cancer, sickle cell

anemia, Tay-Sachs disease—a fatal metabolic illness that affects many Ashkenazi Jews and French Canadians—and Huntington's disease, a cruel neurodegenerative disease.

But getting normal genes into the part of the body where they are needed to cure disease has proved frustratingly difficult. In 1990, as the first approved attempt at gene therapy, W. French Anderson, a researcher at the National Institutes of Health in Bethesda, Md., treated two young Ohio girls for an immune disorder called adenosine deaminase deficiency (ADA). Anderson's team extracted white blood cells from the girls, inserted normal ADA genes into the cells and converted them to the children. The girls' health improved, but the side effects of the therapy were only temporary. In the spring of 1993, Dr. Michael Blaese, a colleague of Anderson's, attempted a more permanent cure by extracting blood cells from the children's bone marrow and reinserting genetically altered cells in the hope that they would find their way back into the bone marrow, where the body's white blood cells are produced. So far, no results of that therapy have been published.

Another pioneering attempt at gene therapy resulted from the work of Luigi Cher. Tosi, a scientist at Toronto's Hospital for Sick Children. In 1988, Tosi placed a leading role in locating the defective gene that is responsible for cystic fibrosis (CF), a disease that causes mucus to build up in victims' lungs and is ultimately fatal. In April, 1993, Dr. David Crystal, an internist at the New York Hospital-Cornell Medical Centre in New York City, used a genetically altered common cold virus to inject healthy genes into the lung of a CF patient. Crystal successfully treated two more CF victims, but his data trouble when the lung of a woman he treated became inflamed.

In Philadelphia, Wilson said that the hypercholesterolemia patient from Quebec would probably have to remain under careful care for the rest of her life. In the meantime, the Philadelphia team has subsequently carried out the same gene therapy on her father, hypercholesterolemia was potent enough to make a 60-year-old girl. That suggested a confidence in a revolutionary new form of medicine that may ultimately replace factors to routinely carry out a treatable disease.

MARK NICHOLS

Straight to the top

She's been a waitress, an actress, a model, and a mom, but **Rosalee** has found her niche as an actress—perhaps the career she's loved best. Last year, acclaimed Spanish filmmaker **Bigas Luna** spotted the 25-year-old New Yorker in Miami and promptly cast her in *Hombre de Gitanos* (Golden Eggs), one of Spain's highest-grossing films ever. Now, Rosalee, whom Luna calls "the Sophia Loren of the '90s," is in Victoria, where shooting just ended on the mountain thriller *Abandon*. "Five years from now," she says, "the going is to be a huge star." And it just might happen: she is already a sensation in Spain—and a favorite scintillating photo subject of many European magazines. "All the beaches are happy there," she says. "I mean, I go topless all the time." But Rosalee laughs off the paparazzi's attention, joking that in Europe, "you have teenagers for Dave Navarro and it's typical." Call her an everyday sex symbol.

Of skins and skates

Canada's top two amateur athletes last 1995 are once in different directions, both literally and figuratively. Downhill skier **Raine Pace** of North Bay, Ont., who won the 1995 World Championship in Japan as well as two other World Cup slalom events this season, is heading off to Palm Springs for 10 days of California golf. After that, she will travel to Whistler, B.C., for some skiing—of the recreational variety. "I'll put in my snowboards, get rid of the helmet and have fun," Pace said last week at the Canadian Sport Awards reception in Toronto, where she was named the country's top female athlete. "Actually," she added, "I'm going for the social life."

Browning: a better schedule



Pace: 'Not rid of the helmet'

Karl Browning, on the other hand, has only two days off in the next two months. The 1992 world champion for under-21 slalom after being named Canada's top male athlete last week. Since returning from another competition last month, Browning has embarked on an exhausting professional tour. As well, he is busy developing new routines and preparing to tour with the *Stom on Ice* skating show. And his Toronto-based

Tracy Wilson, who provides skating commentary for the CBS television network, Browning accepted a last-minute assignment from NBC at the recent World Figure Skating Championships in Japan. "They seemed really pleased, so there may be an offer for me if I want it," said Browning. "But I think they may have gotten some fish for using another Canadian."

Two of a kind

On the surface, they seem to be unlikely pairs. "We're bruisers, we've got glasses, we're Scots and we don't make any effort to cover that up," says **Charlie** Reid who, along with brother **Craig**, forms **The Proclaimers**. Still, the Edinburghers have developed a loyal following, just now when Canadian director **Jennifer** Schell chose their 1988 song *I'm Gonna Be (A Little Bit) Like You* as the theme for his surprise hit movie *Brave and True*. "It was a stroke of luck," Charlie says. At the time, the Reids were completing their first album in five years, *At the Highway*, which was released last month. It



Charlie and Craig Reid: 'A stroke of luck'

showcases the brothers' strong—and bristly—accented—luscious vocals, as well as their typically very quirky lyrics. The Reids, 32, say that the challenge as they get older is to avoid dwelling on their adolescence, a common pitfall among rock 'n' rollers. John Cope: "You get those who age, but don't mature." And *The Proclaimers* are clearly determined to be more than its overnight sensation.

Play ball!



Toronto's SkyDome (formerly Jays stadium) during a game. The new faces in the lineup, but the same commitment to winning.

BY JAMES DEACON

It is all behind them now. The six winter weeks that ball players spend in sunny Florida and Arizona to regain professional proficiency, like an extended management retreat without the substantial expenses. The tawny, perfect Florida ball parks—lush, green diamonds enclosed by palm trees and easy little grandstands. The fans lucky enough to escape winter to watch the boys of springtime baseball go. For both players and fans, spring training is a time of familiar possibilities when the world seems right. "You're so close to the field, the grass is greener, the grass is real," said chair invertebrate John Carter of St. Louis, while watching a recent game at the Toronto Blue Jays' training camp in Dunedin, Fla. "It's nice

league teams. But even though for anything, the week the Blue Jays and Expos just completed in Florida may be critical to their success this season. Baseball is a game of inches and tenths, and it takes repetitions for pitchers to master the strike zone and for batters to run out the lineup in their swings. Toronto will need to be ready at the American League East's season-opening Baltimore Orioles and Boston Red Sox season, respectively, faces last season's penultimate winners, the Philadelphia Phillies, and the odds-on favorites this season, the Atlanta Braves, in the National League East. A good training camp is critical in a good start, says Expos manager Felipe Alou. "You can't control what happens," he says. "We can only try to get the players in the right frame of mind."

No major-league team in recent years has made better use of baseball's season of renewal than the Blue Jays. Three years ago, the team spent the spring doing something with outfielder Joe Carter and second baseman Roberto Alomar, acquired in a blockbuster offseason trade. That team won its division. The next February, line upman Jack Morris, a pitcher, and slugger Dave Winfield went on Jays jerseys for the first time. Toronto won the World Series. And last spring, staggered by the loss of 12 players from its 1986 championship team, the Jays introduced pitcher Dave Stewart and designated hitter Paul Molitor, among others, to the line-up. Another World Series.

But just as these changes created anxiety among fans, the lack of changes in this year's camp for concern. Several two-agent players left in the off-season—outfielder Rickey Henderson returned to Oakland, Moises Gándara and shortstop Tony Fernandez sought on with Cincinnati. But the Jays' camp was somewhat whetted, external manager Joe Gillick made only one of season acquisitions of two—pitcherman pitcher Greg Cadaret. "I just don't think that there was much available out there," Gillick says. "There was two lefty supply and two much demand." The team was also late doing into the free-agent pool because it played through October. "It was not for lack of trying," explained Paul Beaman, the team's president. "We would have taken on another salary if we

could have done the deal. When you're at the top, it's a little more difficult to make the deals we wanted to make because other teams don't want to trade us anyway."

The Jays' weaknesses are obvious. "The bullpen, left field and shortstop," notes manager Cito Gaston while holding court in the dugout. Dennis Ward, a devastating relief pitcher, has been unable to play because of back problems. So starter Todd Stottlemyre is being tried at that role until Ward returns—

Lefty and righty pitcher Pat Hentgen agreed to add Stottlemyre's starting spot may well go to Paul Spolnick, 25, a lefty. From Schenectady, N.Y., who started last season in Class A. "It's great that I'm getting a shot," says Spolnick, "but I have to perform. That's the hard part."

Because of the questions surrounding the bullpen, Toronto will again rely on offense to get through tough times. That is fine with hitting coach Larry Beane, who stands behind the guys each day watching a forearm group take

stantial roll of a 150-pitch season, seven innings, divided by each pitcher's last day's innings. Joe Carter, looking around the clubhouse.

"Everyone here will do whatever it takes to help the team." And Molitor, the most valuable player in last year's Series, says that some of that emotion carries over. "I learned from the guys who were here in 1993 that you have to release as soon as possible on the issues at hand," Molitor says. "And that's what we are doing." Beaman, putting on his ubiquitous



Manager Alex Gonzalez (left) and a pitcher (right) on the field. The Expos aim to improve on two straight second-place finishes.

The Jays and Expos begin a test of the diamond's best

sons, the team hopes. At shortstop, budding star Alex Gonzalez, 21, has shown a good bat in a Jersey game. Left field was supposed to go to one of two 19-year-old prospects—Rob Butler of East York, Ont., or Venezuelan born Robert Perez. Neither played well in Florida, so the Jays handed the job to 25-year-old Carlos Delgado, the versatile catcher whose batting prowess convinced Gaston to give him a shot in left. "It's a lot different than catching," says Delgado, a native of Puerto Rico. "I thought it would be boring, but it's fun out there."

Still, the Jays remain a power in the American League. The starting rotation is probably stronger now than in this time a year ago when Dave Stewart is healthy, first baseman Juan Guzman is maturing and left-hander M

their tips. He has 1985's top three hitters in the American League—first baseman John Olerud, Molitor and Alomar—and proven performers in center-fielder Devon White, Carter and third baseman Ed Sprague. Hele says his job is to get production out of the bottom third of the batting order. "We know that Olerud and Molitor and Alomar will hit, but Carter will drive in runs," Hele says. "The key to great teams is how the supporting cast performs."

The biggest question, however, is whether the 1994 Jays have the resolve that powered the 1993 and 1995 teams. Winning three straight World Series—last achieved by Oakland in the early 1970s—seems an almost unbelievable accomplishment in the age of free agency, but the veterans who know the one-

ness, knows the problems but still believes what he sees. "The commitment is still in me," he says. "If we win three in a row, we'll go far. That's the way we are."

The prospects of a Montreal Expos are, as always, clouded by cash shortages that have the franchise Blue Jays fans will see about 150 games on TV across Canada this season, but the Expos are currently committed to only 35 games on English TV—all on the cable network TSN. The Expos won only one less game than the Jays in the 1993 regular season, yet Montreal failed to support them. The Expos drew only 1.5 million fans in 1993, compared with the more than four million who attended games in Toronto. With little revenue from

elation and adrenaline, the team has made sacrifices. It has only one player—catcher Dante Fletcher—signed to a one-year contract. A heavy look on the injury is evident in the crucial scouting and development of players. It did not resign the ace of its pitching staff, free agent Tim Lincecum.

And it traded its star second baseman and team leader, Nelson Delmonico, to Los Angeles for pitcher Pedro Martinez in a move that saved the club millions of dollars in salary.

The absence of Delmonico concerns the players. He was their leader on and off the field. His departure has forced manager Alex to shift Mike Lansing to second, leaving an outsider Sean Berry at third. Marquis Grimes, the brilliant center-fielder,

the team's trouble and talented center at the exciting prospects of the young and talented Edgar. Once Marquis Alex fully recovers from the broken leg he suffered late last season, and



Edgar left Flanders good team, your first support

Edgar, B.C., the Mariners will again host the best young outfielder in baseball. Backing them up is Randall White, a 28-year-old prospect who has other teams' scouts clamoring for a better view. John Witte and Mel Rojas anchor a strong bullpen, while right-hander Ken Hill and lefty Jeff Fowers lead the capable, if young, starting rotation.

The Mariners' greatest strength may be their manager, Edgar Alex, 56, was a fine player for 17 years in the majors, and

managed in the minor leagues for 12 years before joining the Mariners as a bench coach before the start of the 1993 season. He became the manager that May, and unlike most of his 16-year-old counterparts, he at times throws batting practice and plays first base during workouts. "I'm not smart enough to just be a manager," he laughs. "I've got to do more." He does. In the past two seasons, Alex has taken a case of largely not-quite-ready-for-prime-time players

and guided them to strong second-place finishes in their division. Only the Mariners gave Philadelphia a run for their money last year, and Philadelphia for the year before that. Alex is a coaching job, and it never stops. "Fletcher deserves the credit for getting so much out of this team," says Fletcher. "He knows the game better than anyone I've ever been around." Ready, Ready, a veteran utility infielder, cites Alex's support with the players. "Out of respect, you want to play hard for him," Ready says.

The prevailing spirit of spring training is that anything can happen—and usually does. The Blue Jays, for instance, were down 9-6 to Minnesota going into the bottom of the ninth inning of a routine game at Dunedin Stadium. Worse, shaggy Jay Corbin, the man whose home run ignited the World Series fireworks last Oct. 23, had just been benched out of action when he was struck in the head by an inside pitch. (It was later discovered that he had broken his thumb.) But the setback caused of predominantly Blue Jays fans seemed unimportant. "This is the greatest," said fan Cheryl Annet of Pickering, Ont., sitting with her husband and friends along the third-base line. "It's March, the sun's out and we're in shirts and T-shirts. It's a lovely time of year at home, so this is great no matter who wins." But when the Blue Jays' lineup of young recruits melted and won the game 12-0, Annet and company were on their feet, cheering and whistling. Baseball is fun, Jays fans have learned. But winning is better. □

Going Mobile

A Guide to Operating Your Portable Home Office

Written and researched by Ken Baylerton



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NEWFOUNDLAND
& LABRADOR


Massive economic, business and societal changes have drastically altered Canadians' work style with 2 to 2.5-million Canadians now operating businesses full or part-time from their homes.

"Those numbers will only continue to increase, because job security doesn't exist in the 1990s," says Douglas Gray, a Vancouver, B.C. lawyer and author of *Home Inc. The Canadian Home-Based Business Guide and The Complete Canadian Small Business Guide*. "Employees at every level

from entry-level workers through middle management to senior executives have been affected."

Blue-chip and Fortune 500 companies and even government agencies are lean and mean in the 1990s. Everyone is downsizing and trying to find ways of doing more with fewer employees. The job search is tougher than it has ever been and once you have the job, there's no guarantee you will keep it. As a result, Canadians are setting up their own businesses, so that they decide their own futures.

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COMPAQ

PEGGY CARRAN, Toronto, Ont.

Away from the economic and business realities that have affected home work, Canadians are re-evaluating their lives and their priorities. A number of us are deciding that the three-hour daily commute and the 10-hour work day no longer make sense. We want to spend more time with our families and friends as well as fit more leisure activities into our hectic schedules.

Do home-based workers fit a particular profile? No, in fact, they don't. Men and women of all ages operate a stunning variety of businesses from home. Of course there are the more traditional home-based businesses, based on crafts, trades and services, but there are consultants and manufacturing operations that produce goods in the home or office.

As Canadians rebel against what they believe is excessive taxation, the financial advantages of home-based business become particularly appealing. A portion of your rent or mortgage, utilities, insurance, or payments for phone and other expenses become deductible, effectively reducing the net income on which you pay income tax.

"It's not what you make, but what you keep that is important," says Gray. "Generally, it's possible to legitimately deduct up to \$10,000 or more of home-related expenses, depending on your circumstances. In many cases the bulk of those expenses would be incurred whether or not you had a second business. To ensure you are maximizing your allowable deductions, speak to a professional accountant."

As a business incubator, the home at a low-cost method of testing the business concept. Gray estimates one of three home-based businesses metamorphoses out of the home. It's also a good way of discovering

the laundry detergent used to wash his clothes made Christine De Cleer's skin so itchy, he was constantly scratching his clothing.

When mother Sharon learned that non-irritating, environmentally responsible products weren't being made, she decided to produce them herself.

"Particularly, when they were younger, I wanted to be the one who attended to their needs, not a baby-sitter," says De Cleer, whose kids know that if they need "Mom," she's there. "As they get older, it's good for them to see their parents at work. It helps them understand what's putting food on the table and develops a work ethic."

Because it was cheaper than a bank loan, De Cleer refinanced the family home for \$45,000 to fund CARRAN's manufacturing and packaging, which has since been paid off. In March 1989, CARRAN's (Caring and Environmentally Responsible and Nurturing) competitively priced home cleaning, hair, body and facial care products hit the market. She used an environmentally aware chemical and 100-plus alternative ingredients, that do the job normally done by phosphates, alcohols and amines. For example, lavender oil replaces bleach in CARRAN's clothing stain remover.

New offering 32 products, CARRAN's direct sales force sold \$382,000 to customers across Canada last year. De Cleer now has one full-time office worker and a part-time shipper/receiver as well as a part-time bookkeeper. To save more spending money, Christine, now 14, and Nicholas, 11, regularly work for CARRAN, wrapping bags, labelling products and filling orders.

"It teaches them the value of money," says De Cleer. "If they want extra things, they'll earn them."

All order taking and filling and inventory is done from her home office with the garage acting as a warehouse. Faxed orders are filled the same day.

To manage the finances, orders and control the cost of crucial marketing and promotional materials, De Cleer relies on two desktop personal computers and a laser printer. She produces catalogues, order forms and newsletters. For a more polished look, the annual customer newsletter is printed professionally, while the sales forecast newsletter is produced in-house.

Meeting customers face-to-face builds trust and credibility, so CARRAN and De Cleer regularly appear at consumer shows. "We want them to see our bottom line is loaded with ethics and a ton of environmental responsibility," says De Cleer. "We show them CARRAN is more than just a bottle of soap."

De Cleer makes the most of home-based work's inherent flexibility. Beginning her work day at 5 a.m. At 7 a.m., she makes the kids a huge breakfast, then gets ready to see every happy visitor. She can throw the supper in the oven, the clothes in the washing machine, then fill CARRAN orders.

Although convinced to CARRAN and home work, she recently divorced entrepreneur cousins others. "Spouses can be startled by the free and financial commitment a business demands and if you're successful, jealousy could be an issue."

whether self-employment or entrepreneurship suits you. "Working from home makes it easier to close shop if you don't like it or it doesn't work out," says Gray.

Flexibility is one of home-based businesses' great features. If it suits you best, you can play all day and work all night, provided your commitment to clients allows it. If you have clients across Canada and worldwide, working from home makes it easier to connect despite the different time zones.

Working at home presents certain unique challenges. Almost they will succumb to their homes, many distractions: potential home-based business operators may wonder whether they have the necessary self-discipline and motivation. But, if they're autonomous in their current position, meeting deadlines and goals on their own, it's likely they'll continue to do so as home workers.

As employees are inspired by the weekly pay cheque, the thought of payment by clients motivates home-based operators. Putting a nod over their heads and food on the table motivates many entrepreneurs.

Like any business, a home-based business must be thoroughly researched and well-planned. It must be financially viable and able to support the lifestyle you have chosen for you and your family. Ask yourself if the business will meet your financial, professional and personal goals.

Ultimately any business can be home-based provided it doesn't run afoul of municipal by-laws concerning noise, pollution, congestion, residential zoning and the neighbours.

"Before you assume you can't do something, find out," says Gray. "Always seek alternative solutions—there's another way of dealing with almost anything."

Your future home-based business will probably involve skills and abilities you already can professionally or personally. Realistically assess your own strengths and weaknesses, then deal with them sensibly. If you really must handle the task personally and possess an aptitude for it, invest in the necessary training and education. But, in some instances, you will use your time most effectively by hiring someone to do it for you.

"Be as open to hiring expertise as you are when you need a touch pulled or your car fixed," says Gray. "The smart entrepreneur knows when to hire someone who will do a better job, more quickly and efficiently."

There are a variety of concerns regarding home-based business, but there are generally simple solutions. For example, to counter isolation, join associations, network with colleagues and visit clients to maintain contact with the outside world.

"Every supposed disadvantage to home-based business can be dealt with effectively," says Gray. "You can make it work for you."

Technology Batters Your Business

Business is better with technology and that includes home-based businesses. Technology is important to any business because it provides a competitive edge," says Barbara Hagg, general manager, operations, ATS Hagg & Associates, Inc., Scarborough. Caring a consulting software, training, development and technical support firm. "The PC and its peripherals are tools — you accomplish many tasks with less effort and it's more fun because the equipment helps take the drudgery out of routine tasks."

Technology increases efficiency and cost-effectiveness. Generally situated in residential neighborhoods, the home-based operator would otherwise have to travel to access basic services or equipment such as a fax, photocopier and printer.

"Home-based operators often find it hard to run away from their desks to make a copy or send a fax," says Hagg. "They are generally most efficient when they're most self-sufficient."

The decreasing cost of technology has put office equipment within reach of home-based operators, and the major equipment manufacturers have been targeting those entrepreneurs with reasonably priced, smaller and more portable models.

The personal computer and printer, modem, fax and copier are the most essential business tools for the majority of home-based businesses. Before you make a shopping list, decide whether you need a computer consultant. Unless you are "computer literate" — which Hagg defines as being able to get yourself out of any mess you have gotten into by hitting the wrong key — she would recommend a con-



For more information on starting a business, check out the award-winning and updated second edition of Doug Gray's book *Home: The McGraw-Hill Business Sourcebook*. Contact local chapters at your local business and your province's small business ministry. Subscribers to *Entrepreneur* can request home-based business kits also recommended by *Entrepreneur*. Write Office at Home, Profit Home Business and Home Office Computing.



Sharon De Cleer and son Nicholas of CARRAN

Working When and Where You Please!

Sitting on the dock of the boat, with your notebook computer nestled in your lap... Hit the slopes... the terrace or the open seas as the sun blows down on you... but on disk take you to seclude in the chalet, the cottage or the boat's cozy cabin, with your notebook computer by your side.

"Portability is very important," says Barbara Haggie, general manager, operations, ATS Haggie & Associates Inc. Scarborough, Ont., a consulting, software training, development and technical support firm. "If you want to mix your work and leisure time, it lets you do that, but it also wins the customers' confidence and enhances your professional image. The client sees the changes on the spot thanks to your notebook and you move faster, because you're not running between their office and the client."

To maximize work and play time, combine them with the help of portable equipment, for example a notebook computer, portable printer, copier and even fax machine. A notebook can do everything a desktop PC can do. But the smaller lightweight printers, copiers and fax machines can't handle the volume that the larger machines do and print quality may not be comparable. However, their portability is their most valued asset.

There's no doubt the portable computer is becoming as widely coveted if not as common as the cellular phone. But not everyone can afford both types of computers when starting out, which may raise the question "notebook or desktop?"

It's Your Money

As a homebased business, every penny spent or earned is one of your own, so watch your finances closely.

Those who manage their personal finances will have an advantage, but to set up a home-based business and a budget as well as understand the tax implications, expenses will benefit from an accountant's expertise.

"An accountant is an investment, because it saves you money in the future," says Miles Sweeney, a partner with Sweeney & Carter, Dartmouth, N.S., accountants specializing in small and medium-sized businesses.

To find an accountant, ask friends and business associates to recommend ones who have small business experience. Word-of-mouth and referrals are ideal, but always check references and be sure the accountants are familiar with small business specifically.

Depending on the size of your business and the volume of the transactions, further investment in a personal computer and book accounting and word processing software might be well advised. This technology facilitates keeping records, reduces the chance of error and helps you monitor your finances monthly.

"Quarterly reporting just doesn't cut it," says Sweeney. "More frequent tracking gives you the opportunity to foresee problems and prevent them, which is better than having to solve them afterward."

You can't overmanage your finances. Knowing where your money is and where it should be will only help you. To manage your cash flow, you must learn to anticipate expenses and revenues. It will also help you build a realistic budget. Regularly comparing the actual figures with the numbers budgeted will help identify problems early and allow you to make adjustments as necessary.

Initially, entrepreneurs used to working for others, may be somewhat casual with company funds. While separate business and personal bank accounts are highly recommended to simplify accounting and satisfy Revenue Canada, this only exacerbates such an attitude - but, not for long.

"They soon realize that directly or indirectly, it all comes out of their pockets," says Sweeney.

If the funds leaving their pockets are expenses incurred to earn income in their businesses, these legitimate business expenses should be deducted. These can include everything from utilities, to telephone, rent or mortgage interest, insurance, maintenance, cleaning, travel, postage, couriers, car payments, gas and heating. Office equipment is deductible, but must be capitalized and depreciated. Familiarize yourself with the limitations on deductions.

"Take a bullish attitude toward deductions - if you're being finiscous and conservative, you're probably giving away money that you could be keeping," says Douglas Grey, Vancouver, B.C., author of *Home Inc.*, the *Canada Home-based Business Guide* and *The Complete Canadian Small Business Guide*. "Only maximizing the deductions can mean carrying up to the fine line."

But, don't lose sight of the fact that deductions are not a profit or service, because you plan to claim it, says Sweeney. Remember, these expenses directly offset your net income.

Give yourself 30 or more days of credit, by paying with your credit card or opening an account with suppliers. While warehouse retailers are generally cheaper, the smaller retailers may provide valuable expertise and service. Consider networking with other home-based businesses to purchase, per share and market more efficiently and cost-effectively.

Keeping your costs low and managing your finances will put more money in your pocket!

\$300 to \$3000 premium may be worthwhile. In addition Kevin Leach, owner, Trump Systems Inc., Bolton, Ont. a value-added reseller of computer products says monochrome monitors are rare today.

If your work is arts, graphics and design-related, Haggie recommends the Macintosh environment, but if you're writing reports and crunching numbers, you may be more comfortable with the IBM environment.

"Four years ago it was hard to find accounting software for Macs," says Haggie. "Today most software is released in Mac and IBM versions but with the same unique software double-check availability before committing to either environment."

When choosing between a name-brand and a clone remember that your business may grow to a point without the PC. Although a clone may be very reliable a clone's parts may not be consistent in terms of quality and durability. Customs Leach.

As the price difference between brand name PCs and clones continues to shrink Haggie, Leach and Terry O'Brien, president of Toronto's Marilyn Associates computer system integrators, strongly recommend buyers spend that little bit extra on name brands. If reliability and durability really matter to you, look for recognized names like Toshiba, Apple

IBM, Compaq, Sharp, Texas Instrument and NEC.

"Maybe it's my own personal bias, but for the durability, warranty and service, I'd say go with a name brand," says Leach.

On the same note, pay attention to the warranty. It's a legitimate part of the sales price and should be carefully considered. One-year warranties are average, while three-year warranties are found only on the best equipment. Warranties may include a toll-free phone line that offers 24-hour technical support. Most warranties can be extended for five to 10 per cent of the purchase price.

If your unit gets a defective card or chip at the factory, you'll need service immediately," says Haggie. "Warranties protect you, because with services centres charging \$50 per hour and up, just locating the source of the problem may cost several hundred dollars."

Finally, computer technology is augmented every three to six months. By the time you install your equipment and learn to use it, more sophisticated, less costly technology will have hit the market. Most firms outgrow their current technology every three years, but the equipment should at least last five years.

"It all means your needs and you get a good price at the time, live with it," says Haggie.

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with an integrated monitor. But despite the extremely small footprint, it's anything but meek.

For starters, there's an integrated network interface for either Ethernet or Token Ring environments.

And it comes with a powerful 486SX/25 processor and includes an extraordinarily sharp 14" SVGA display.

The new ProLinea MT, on the other hand, features a mini-tower design. It includes local bus graphics and is available in three processors, from 486SX/33 to 486DX2/66, all of which are upgradeable to Pentium technology. And five slots and five bays offer exceptional expansion capabilities.

While each ProLinea is unique, they all share features in common. Every ProLinea is already loaded with MS-DOS 6 and MS Windows. And each also includes TabWorks, a new software interface available only from Compaq that makes using Windows even easier. (And you more productive.)

Of course, no matter how

many different models we make, each one has to be aggressively priced to continue the ProLinea tradition. Which is good math no matter how you calculate it. For complete information on the Compaq ProLinea PCs, call us at 1-800-248-6553. **COMPAQ**

The best of the notebook and desktop worlds can be married if you want an flexibility that allows you to work when and where you choose.

If you work on paper away from the office, then transfer the data to the PC back at the home office, a notebook will eliminate duplicated efforts, says Kevin Leach, owner, Trump Systems Inc., Bolton, Ont., a value-added reseller of computer products.

A notebook costs more than the equivalent desktop, but if you can use the notebook, it will pay for itself, says Leach. A boxed name notebook with a 685 SX processor, 200 megabyte hard drive with four megabytes of RAM and a color screen costs about \$3,226. The equivalent desktop is about \$1,700. An equivalent notebook with a monochrome monitor is about \$2,000. While significantly more expensive on a notebook, the color screen may be essential for those in graphics and design.

Although the notebook is portable and convenient, its smaller screen and keyboard may be tricky and uncomfortable if used for lengthy periods. For graphics and design work, the smaller screen can be limiting. Finally, the smaller keyboards may increase typing errors, particularly for those with larger hands and thicker fingers. But, the comfort of a desktop is possible with a notebook. If mobility is a vital requirement, buy a notebook and a full-size monitor and keyboard to plug into it for home use. The keyboard should be \$20 to \$100 and a full-size monitor is about \$340.

Power is rarely a concern as users generally have access to power outlets and notebook batteries now last up to six hours with some operating for 11 hours.

If you are sure you will use a notebook, whether it's at the cottage on the beach or your own backyard or even at a client's, really enjoy your new found flexibility! ■

PROFILE Services Communications Inc., Hudson, Que.

An office outside the home can be a far less distracting work environment, but Brigitte Bryant, president, Stratos Communications Inc., insists on the flexibility her husband-business provides.

"I want to do more than work," she explains, after spending the morning at her Spanish class. Although Brigitte has a private office with a door, she says it's easy to be lured to the kitchen or outside for a walk. But, she plans to remain in her home office for now.

"A commercial space increases your business profile, but it also increases your overhead," says Bryant, whose commercial space for her previous business, French with Me, cost her an extra \$1,000 monthly with various. "The home office is the ideal solution. It's most cost effective and allows me the freedom to travel and do other things."

Home-based since 1991, Stratos grew from Bryant's Ontario firm, French with Me, and provides English/French translation as well as training, publications and research in economic development. She and her husband, Chris, moved to Hudson, Quebec, so that he could teach geography and economic development at the nearby Université du Montreal. Naturally, Chris leads Stratos's economic development seminars and together, the Bryants are collaborating with other authors to translate, produce and publish the Good Idea Series (La Serie Bonnes Idées) in Development Communications (Ouvrages). Targeting entrepreneurs that wish to develop and enhance their economic base, the first 82-page volume was published last year and the next five volumes will be printed in 1994. Promoted to economic and community development agencies in communities across Canada through professional networks, the book books will be heavily marketed internationally as well.

As the owner of translation business, Brigitte hires freelance translators, when no amount of evening and weekend work can meet clients' needs. She admits she finds the fluctuating income and varying demands can be time frustrating, but says her husband's salary provides the necessary security.

"You have to learn to balance your time and money," says Brigitte. "When I'm working very long hours, I know that there will be a period when I'm less busy." Balance is also the key word, when it comes to sharing the company's desktop and laptop computers with her 21-year-old son, Anthony, who she describes as a "computer buff" and who manages the company's computer system. A laser printer, fax and answering machine and a modem help keep administration and production costs low. Although the Bryants live just a five-minute drive from the nearest copy shop, Brigitte says not having the necessary equipment at the home would "affect the things immensely" and be highly inefficient.

Although the couple regularly work evenings and weekends, you can be sure they will make time to return to France and some day, see Spino eggs.

Brigitte Bryant
and husband
Chris of
Stratos
Communications
Inc.



Maclean's Home Office Contest

Contest Rules Grand Prize

One Apple Newton Message Pad 110 personal digital assistant is available to be won. Take notes, keep track of your appointments, store names and addresses and send faxes! Approximate retail value is \$900.00.

How to Enter: 1. To enter, complete the question and Official Entry Form from 1994 and mail to Maclean's Home Office Contest, 100 King Street West, Suite 1100, Toronto, Ontario M5X 1C9. 2. Entries accepted April 4, 1994 until June 3, 1994. 3. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 4. Entries accepted April 4, 1994 until June 3, 1994. 5. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 6. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 7. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 8. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 9. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 10. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 11. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 12. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 13. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 14. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 15. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 16. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 17. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 18. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 19. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 20. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 21. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 22. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 23. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 24. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 25. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 26. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 27. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 28. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 29. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 30. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 31. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 32. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 33. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 34. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 35. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 36. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 37. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 38. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 39. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 40. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 41. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 42. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 43. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 44. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 45. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 46. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 47. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 48. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 49. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 50. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 51. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 52. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 53. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 54. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 55. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 56. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 57. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 58. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 59. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 60. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 61. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 62. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 63. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 64. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 65. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 66. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 67. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 68. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 69. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 70. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 71. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 72. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 73. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 74. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 75. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 76. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 77. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 78. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 79. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 80. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 81. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 82. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 83. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 84. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 85. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 86. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 87. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 88. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 89. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 90. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 91. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 92. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 93. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 94. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 95. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 96. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 97. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 98. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 99. Entry deadline June 3, 1994. 100. Entry deadline June 3, 1994.

HOME OFFICE CONTEST

1. Do you have a home office?

☐ Yes ☐ No ☐ If so go to #5

2. How long have you had your home office?

☐ < 1 year ☐ 1 to 5 years ☐ 5 to 10 years ☐ 10 to 15 years ☐ > 15 years

3. Do you work out of your home office?

☐ Full time ☐ Part time (only work period) ☐ Part time (also has a company office) ☐ Retired but still on ☐ Other

4. Do you meet with clients in your home office?

☐ Yes ☐ No

5. Indicate the office equipment that you currently have.

☐ Desktop system ☐ Peripherals

Personal Computer

☐ IBM ☐ IBM Compatible ☐ Compaq ☐ Apple ☐ Other

☐ Dot matrix printer ☐ Ink jet printer

Computer Software:

☐ Word processing software ☐ Graphics software ☐ Accounting software ☐ Spreadsheet software

6. Do you have a separate telephone in your home office?

☐ Yes ☐ No

7. Do you make long distance calls from your home office?

☐ Yes ☐ No

8. Are you planning to buy desktop software?

☐ Yes ☐ No

9. Do you use mobile services in your home office?

☐ Yes ☐ No

10. Do you intend on purchasing or upgrading any of the desktop products in the next 12 months do you expect home office to be a new hire office?

☐ Yes ☐ No

11. Do you intend on purchasing or upgrading any of the desktop products in the next 12 months do you expect home office to be a new hire office?

☐ Yes ☐ No

12. Do you intend on purchasing or upgrading any of the desktop products in the next 12 months do you expect home office to be a new hire office?

☐ Yes ☐ No

13. Do you intend on purchasing or upgrading any of the desktop products in the next 12 months do you expect home office to be a new hire office?

☐ Yes ☐ No

14. Do you intend on purchasing or upgrading any of the desktop products in the next 12 months do you expect home office to be a new hire office?

☐ Yes ☐ No

15. Do you intend on purchasing or upgrading any of the desktop products in the next 12 months do you expect home office to be a new hire office?

☐ Yes ☐ No

General Rules

1. Contest is open to residents of Canada who have reached the age of majority except employees and their immediate families of Maclean's (Canada's) "Sponsor" a day of training seminars and professional speakers. Apple Canada Inc. and the magazine advertising agency and promotional agency.
2. By entering the contest all entrants agree to the use of their name and photograph to publicize any success while entering in a meeting, list, or letter for direct mail purposes without compensation.
3. No substitutions or transfers.
4. This contest is subject to all federal provincial regulations and laws. Quebec residents may submit any desktop beginning the contest by the date the contest is closed at Maclean's.
5. For a copy of the complete Official Entry Form, forward a self-addressed pre-paid envelope to Maclean's/Apple Home Office Contest, 100 King Street West, Suite 1100, Toronto, Ontario M5X 1C9.

Official Entry Form (Please Print)

Name: _____
Telephone: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ Province: _____
Postal Code: _____
Skills/Training/Qualifications: _____
Mailing: 111 King Street West, Suite 1100, Toronto, Ont. M5X 1C9
Answer: _____
By signing I hereby declare that I am a resident of Canada and I agree to the terms and conditions of the contest.





Raiders goalie Baldi gets clipped by teammates Thomson; dreams of packed arenas, bright lights and big salaries



Team brother and youthful charger: 'You pass the puck a lot more because you don't want to get hit'



Action at the goal creates fear for many parents, as they fear for family or friends and no money left over for vacations



Raiders fans in the stands; once the game starts, kids watch intently while moms make most of the noise

Dawn of the ice age

BY DARCY JENISH

and we're into the first minute. The Raiders have a commanding lead over the Massachusetts Flames. The play's deep in the Raiders' end. Here's a shot from the point and a few shots by Eric Baldi, who holds on for a while. A scrum from the left of Baldi. Flames win the draw. Here's another hard shot. But it's blocked and and that one's just about over and there goes the screen. The Asp-Pickering Raiders have defeated the Massachusetts Flames 7-3 to win the Major Powers AAA Championship at the 20th annual Whitland Little NHL Tournament.

There was, of course, no boisterous roar up in the broadcast booth calling the March 30 game between the Raiders and the Flames. But the contest in Whitland, Ont., near Niagara Falls, did have many big-time spectators. Seventy, exhilarated players mobbed their goaltender. Scoring coaches shook hands and patted the players' backs. Trophies were presented at center ice. And just like Stanley Cup champions, the Raiders posed for a team photo. Never mind that this group of 15-year-olds will be the Toronto residents of Ajax and Pickering draw only a few dozen spectators—mostly parents, siblings and fellow players—on a rink that holds 3,200. They have their sights set on bigger things, on the packed arenas, bright lights, big salaries and coast-to-coast TV coverage of the National Hockey League.

As the 94-game NHL regular schedule winds down, the season is also ending for the estimated 450,000 kids who play minor hockey across Canada. In hundreds of communities, young players are competing for local house-league championships and provincial

titles and in dozens of year-end tournaments. They may not be pros yet, but, at least at the elite levels, they might as well be. Top skaters between the ages of 16 and 19 now play 60 to 80 games and practice at least once a week during a seven-month season. Many also attend afternoon skating schools and hockey camps, or play on summer teams. The seasonal costs, including registration fees, equipment and travel, can exceed \$2,000 per child. And many hockey parents have little time left for family or friends, and no money for vacations. "Our time all during the winter is based on the game," says Maurice Tucker, a Pickering dad and captain of his son, David, in a Raiders' team. Last season was the first time in five years we took a holiday unrelated to hockey.

While Canada's minor hockey system remains the primary source of talent for the NHL, some observers question the pressures placed upon young athletes. David Varnay, a University of Guelph sports psychologist who has coached amateur hockey and ice hockey, says that youth sport really stresses participation, fair play and enjoyment of the game. But the system, he says, is increasingly

driven by adult values—competition, winning and improved skills. "We forget that these are just children," adds Varnay. "We're pushing them to the limit."

The crowdfest of violence leaves the Niagara Falls hotel shortly after 7 a.m. on a cold, dreary Friday. The Raiders are at their way to their opening game at the Whitland tournament. When they reach the arena, the players head for the dressing room. The parents' bulletin in the heated locker and sweep starts about a season that began in mid-August. "Eric has gone through \$400 or \$500 worth of sticks this year," Geoff Thomson, deputy director of the North York Public Library, says of his son, a Raiders defenseman. "He's getting bigger and stronger, and breaking sticks like toothpicks."

Luckless Baldi straps sympathetically. A heavy equipment mechanic, Baldi has spent more than \$2,000 outfitting his son Eric, the goaltender, this season. "My first son wasn't so expensive," says Baldi, who immigrated to Canada from Italy in 1967. "He was a defenseman."

Once the game starts, the fathers stand behind the glass at one end of the rink. The mothers sit together in the seats and make most of the noise. The most vocal parent is Christina Baldi, a native of Italy whose 11-year-old frequently follows in the best of a game. "What most of the mothers imagine their boys to hit the puck carrier, Christina can be heard shouting 'Spicce! In! Spicce! In!'"

The Raiders play four games leading up to the Sunday final. They are quick, agile skaters, they hit hard, pass crisply and easily

possess blistering slapshots. Early in one game, Derek McInnes, a defenseman who stands over six feet six inches, blasts a shot from the point that ricochets off the goaltender's mask and into the net. Forward Paul Kovachuk scores on a slapshot from outside the blue line. "I used to score from there all the time because the goaltenders were scared of my shot," he says. "At this level, the goalies are better. It's harder."

The Raiders play like men but, beneath their equipment, they are not quite out of boyhood. None of the players have sprained hands, nor did they puncture the muscular bodies of mature athletes. But in possession, they are allowed to hit their opponents for the first time. "On defense, it's a lot better because you can take the body," says Eric Thomson. "I used to have to just look at the goal and try to make the puck away." Forward begins to play differently, as well. "It used to be the thinking out of the game," says Patrick Papagouris, a slick defenseman who led the Raiders' top scorer with 68 points in 53 games. "You pass the puck a lot more because you don't want to get hit."

Contact also increases the risk of injury, and damage to equipment. Derek McInnes, a robust forward, shattered his shin pads three times this season by running into opponents or the boards. Other Raiders have suffered bruised tails, strained and twisted knees, battered shoulders, pulled groin muscles and eye contusions. But since they are 13-year-old boys, their most serious injuries occurred all the time. "I broke my hand and missed 20 games," Papagouris admits sheepishly. "Yeah," adds teammate Thomson. "He punched a balloon at school and hit the wall instead."

At the end of a long day at the rink, the parents and their kids drift back in the heat. Head coach Tom McLean fills his sink with beer and ice, and the parents spend the evening in and around his room. The concen-

sations cover the internal concerns of suburban families, kids, jobs, marriages. The Raiders play video games, even in the hotel pool or visit the attractions in Niagara Falls. McLean, who has coached minor hockey for 21 years in Hamilton, Toronto and now Ajax, Pickering, is enjoying one of his best seasons, because his players get along well and so do the parents.

His worst coaching experiences occurred in Toronto, he says, where parents routinely move their children from team to team in pursuit of better coaching and winning teams. "I hated coaching in Toronto," says McLean. "I couldn't leave the dressing room or the kids would be fighting."

But before the tournament is over, at least one parent is unhappy with his child's success. As McLean leaves the dressing room after the fourth game, he encounters the disgruntled dad. "Why don't you play all the players," the parent asks, "instead of just your favorites, coach?" Then, for good measure, he adds, "—hole."

The Raiders' team has almost finished the season. It's time for the parents to pack. McLean stresses strategy—clear the front of the ice, avoid dangerous cross-ice passes, don't take stupid penalties. His assistant, Eric Thomson, sits among the players and addresses them in a lowkey, fatherly voice. Remember Bobby Baun, he says, scoring a winning goal for the Maple Leafs in the 1964 Stanley Cup finale with a backhand shot. Remember Paul Blashaw scoring the winner with a few seconds to go in the 1972 series against the Soviets. "You guys know I'm not generally this serious," he says. "But sometimes it takes that time of dedication to win."

Coaching an elite-level minor hockey team is no easy business. McLean, a commercial printer, and Barnes, a salesman for a big-drum pump manufacturer, must apply seriously to the Ajax-Pickering AAA Minor Hockey Association for a team and submit their

coaching resumes. Both men, who volunteer their time and give their own expenses, have completed several levels of the Canadian Amateur Hockey Association coaching certification program. "We're not here for the fun of it," insists Barnes. "We're here to develop hockey players."

For this group of 15-year-olds, and thousands like them across the country, the next two seasons could well determine their future in the sport. They will be playing amateur hockey, and scouts from American colleges, Canadian universities and major junior hockey teams will start assessing them. The most direct route to the NHL is through the Canadian major junior system. "If you get through Boston and nobody's talked to you," says Thomson, "you're out of major junior and looking at a U.S. college university."

Most of the Raiders know that only a tiny minority ever make the big time. McLean points out that he has coached at least 400 minor players over the years, but only one has been drafted by an NHL team, and he is playing in the minors. Given the long odds, many of the parents have encouraged their boys to consider alternatives. "Patrick's ambition as a kid was always to play pro hockey," says Papagouris, says of his son. "As he's gotten older, he's realized, it's a nice goal but not the only one. We're helping him to a wholeness to a good upbringing."

"Victory celebrations don't last long in pro hockey. After winning the Whitland tournament, most of the Raiders have changed into their street clothes within 15 minutes. They have a two-hour trip home and school in the morning, and their parents are anxious to leave. There will be little time to savor their triumph. Tryouts for next season, and their summer tournament team, are set for mid-April. Some of the players will skate until Canada Day, hating their skills, dreaming their dreams and looking for the competitive edge that just might make them come true. □



Bittersweet childhood

LEONIE EIDIE

By Deborah Joy Corey
 (Thomas Allen, 232 pages, \$21.95)

In 1975, when 17-year-old Deborah Joy Corey left her native New Brunswick with the hope of becoming a beauty salon model, her mother—in Corey would later class—was terrified that the shock of her seven children would real up in the white stone dead. Nearly two decades later, Corey, now 35, has faded up it, at all places, elsewhere. Last month, her first novel, *Leaning Eddie*, won the \$5,000 Smith Books Prize in Canada's First Novel Award. Told from the point of view of a misbegotten girl, Corey's book was inspired by her own childhood in the tiny Bible Belt settlement of Temperance Vale, 50 km west of Fredericton. In the life of a family's struggle to come to terms with the death of a son named one of the county judges, evokes David Island, to remark: "The short, probing sentences of this novel are absolutely luminous, and the book makes compassion and observation a rare feat."

Corey, who now lives in a Boston suburb with her husband, Bill Zibonis, and their three-year-old daughter, Georgia, came to creative writing in a rather roundabout way. After seven years of a successful modelling and

promotion career in Toronto, she contracted mono-nucleosis and then cancer. Returning to her parents' home in Temperance Vale to recuperate, she met her husband, whose family produces the famous Zibonis corks at a factory in nearby Medford. They married in 1983, and the next year emigrated to Switzerland, where Corey came across a copy of *The Wheel of Love* by Joyce Kilmer in an apartment they were renting. Fascinated, she stayed up all night to read it. Bizarre Corey: "I'd never read stories like that. I decided then that I wanted to write."

Over the next several years, Corey published stories in such Canadian and American magazines. *Leaning Eddie* grew naturally out of the short-story form; individual chapters often read like complete stories in themselves. One of the book's strengths is its clear-eyed recreation of how it feels to be a child. While Corey stresses that *Leaning Eddie* is not strictly autobiographical (unlike the girl in her book, she has not suffered the death of a brother), she admits that she has drawn on "my own childhood fears—especially the fear that something terrible was

going to happen to someone I love." Yet the book also summons the sweet, transitional joys of childhood. Referring to an image of drifting dandelion seeds in the first chapter, Corey says she keeps a dandelion to gloss on her desk. "I look at it constantly," she notes, "because it takes me right back to those warm summer days."

Corey's young narrative—the novella unspooled until the last page—evokes a rural, working-class family that at times grasping with disaster. Her older sister is married to a man who beats her. Her younger brother, Rocky, nearly dies when a snow cone collapses on him, and later while swimming out of his depth. Her older brother, Eddie, is a juvenile delinquent who dies in a car crash. That event causes her mother to have a nervous breakdown and drives her father to the hospital. It almost sounds like too much for one slim novel to hold. Yet *Leaning Eddie* contains it all with remarkable ease, weaving the dark episodes in subtly with the warmer ones that the whole fabric becomes a moving testimony to humanity's resilience and to survive.

The overriding theme of the novel is love. Indeed, *Leaning Eddie* could well stand as a cautionary tale to anyone accustomed to telling happily—and disastrously—of "happily-ever-after" fables. For, despite their bad fortune, the narrator and her family know a great deal more about love than many families that, on the surface, seem to function more smoothly. It is an excess of love for Eddie that temporarily destroys the mother's sanity and propels her into an asylum. And it is also love—for her children and husband—that sets her clawing her way back through shock, treatment and drugs to join them again.

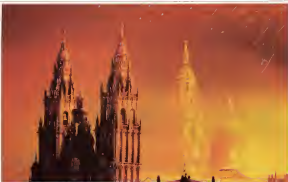
Love takes many forms in *Leaning Eddie*. It is there when the father takes his two youngest children for a walk in the woods, tracking them the names of the trees. And it is there, with a comic twist, when the narrator staves in a moment the glister out of her dead brother's teeth that had just been lost for

himself.

Corey also shares the confidence that love can conquer. Early on the novel, when Eddie has just returned from reform school, he receives the present of a new guitar from his father. Later, at the supper table, when Eddie is talking about his new band for this frivolous expense. He demands to know how she can criticize him when she herself has prepared a special meal of roast chicken for Eddie. It is as

steadfast, a beautifully realized moment of parental leniency—entirely based on two well-measured acts of love. *Leaning Eddie* abounds in such clearly etched scenes. And though the novel is not perfect—it occasionally succumbs to sentimentality—it is one of the most confident debut Canadian fiction has seen in some time.

JOHN REMORSE



In Santiago de Compostela Pilgrims find their rewards on earth as well as in heaven.

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BOOKS

Flying down to Rio

Jungle fever heats up
John Updike's new novel

BRUCE

By John Updike
(Alfred A. Knopf, 264 pages, \$23)

Sex—or rather the sexual act itself—has frequently provided the bait spots in John Updike's fiction. The Massachusetts-based writer has also woven erotic themes into his US society realism, middle-class morality, the assault of our culture on the American landscape. But in the midst of all those concerns is an abiding preoccupation: to exactly what sex feels and looks like. His 1968 novel, *Couples*, featured graphic portrayals of sex between a housewife and her dentist lover. More recently, Updike has tested the locker-room of the sexual spectrum. In his 1986 novel, *Roger's Version*, the narrator fantasizes, as would tell, about the private parts of the man he suspects in his wife's love. Updike's latest offering, *Brazil*, contains multiple peepers, lesbians and violent sex, as well as lots of the heterosexual kind. (But what makes it Updike's most sensual book to date is the way he has saturated the entire novel with the atmosphere of desire.)

To accomplish this, Updike has familiarized his usual American setting and turned to Brazil, a country where sensuality is celebrated. He has also surrendered his elliptical graceful narrative style. *Brazil* runs along like a collage of paragraphs. The language is often vivid and direct, and the story goes unadorned, right down to the traps, sleazy endings. At one point, he even utilizes the sexual postures used by so many Latin American writers. In fact, the only remaining trace of the old Updike (baptism the interest in sex) is the capricious, over-the-top intelligence of the narrator.

Brazil recalls the traditional tale of Tristram and Isolde, the doomed young lovers of Celtic folklore. When the novel opens in the 1960s, Destino is a 19-year-old Rio de Janeiro street kid who risks gonorrhea. One day on Copacabana Beach, he sees Isabel, a beautiful, 16-year-old. Tristram falls in love at first sight, and knows that Isabel is his fate, the person who will lead him out of poverty into "the upper world" from which advertisements and television and airplanes

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BOOKS

come." He offers her his putrid passion, a ring, and when Isabel asks why he would want to do that, Tressa replies: "Because you are beautiful and what is rarer, an orphan of your beauty."

The dialogue in *Dead* often sounds like that, as if it had been translated from some 19th-century Portuguese or Spanish novel. Surprisingly, the formality of such speech works here: it seems a natural outgrowth of the lushly drawn Brazilian background. But in the few places where the dialogue fails to convince, its stiltedness points to a certain hard, willed quality that occasionally surfaces in the novel. It seems that Updike knows everything an outsider possibly could about Brazil, yet his book lacks the relaxed familiarity of a native.

The best of *Dead* reflects the daunting single-mindedness of two lovers who become the world to each other. As Tressa has insisted, Isabel is rich. Recognizing that he is far like as well, she promptly leads him to the lavish apartment where she lives with her businessmen uncle. And once the uncle is away, the two take a shower together and Isabel, a virgin, gets her first close look at a naked man. "So that's what it is like it," she says. "It is ugly, but innocent, like a toad." They make love, forming a bond that will last for two decades.

Much of that time is spent in flight: Isabel's uncle and distant father strongly disapprove of Isabel's love for a black-skinned street thief. They get hard, grates on their will, with its attraction to being back Isabel and, if necessary, to get rid of Tressa. Eventually, the couple flee to the Brazilian interior where their adventures take on a picturesque luster. Isabel works as a prostitute, while Tressa digs for gold. Later, they become partners of a wandering while becoming well. Wanting to free her partner, who has been injured to work as a slave, Isabel emotionally grips him but whose skin and taking his black one. With the help of an Indian witch doctor, she actually learns the transformation about.

Oddly, that preposterous act is not only convincing but deeply moving. All along, *Dead* has peaked the limits of credibility, and with the color switch, the novel becomes sublime, soaring into the realm of the marvelous. As Updike writes: "At the heart of our lives lies a supernatural leap, an oscillating umbilical cord." By embodying such a leap, Tressa and Isabel become a demonstration of what love between a man and a woman can be. As Tressa tells Isabel after their children are kidnapped by an Indian band: "You and I were brought together not to prove love—to make for the world an example of love."

In other words, like their Celtic originals, Tressa and Isabel are lovers whose struggles illuminate the lot of mankind. *Dead* is about far more than sex. It is Updike's attempt to show how that mysterious, pulsing force dictates the patterns of human life.

JOHN REYNOLDS

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FOR THE RECORD

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BREAKING POINT

Lari Yates
(Veggo/3302)

Lari Yates's country roots run deep—in Toronto's Queen Street music scene, not Nashville. So when club Records signed the singer and flew her down to Music City to record a debut album in 1988, it proved to be a mistake. Can't Stop the Girl not only took the girl out of the country, it also took the country—off her Yates's special brand of old-school pop. Five years later, the spirited singer finally gets the introduction she deserves with *Breaking Point*, a superb collection of rocking country and bluesy pop tunes written and performed with the cream of Queen Street talent. A gritty heartache number like *Like Make a Last Out of Me*, with backing vocals by Blue Rodeo's Ian Caddy and guitarist producer Colin Linden, brings a much-needed edge to new country. And *Sweetheart Avenue* is a love ballad, full of tender vulnerability. But the songs that really take the singer to new heights are the gospel-infused *Might Not Be a Woman*, backed by sisters Molly and Tabitha Johnson, and the scorching blues of *Mean as Pine*, written with Linden. A confident comeback album, *Breaking Point* establishes Yates as a singer whose time has come.

MEMORY THEP

Lari & Proband
(PolyGram)

Lari & Proband, a husband-and-wife act from Calgary now living in Toronto, perform stirring old-fashioned pop. But Sony's *Cher of the '80s* they're not. Terry Tompkins' lyrics are far more to Leonard Cohen than to Sonny Bono, and Lari Huskwood's vocals possess a passion and range that Cher could only dream of. On the duo's second album, *Memory Thep*, the pair continue to mine for melodic and soulful love with stark songs like *Get in Slow and Low in Dead*. The closest they come to a '60s flashback is their duet version of the country Nancy Sinatra/Lari Huskwood duet *Some Folks Just Scream*. At times, the album's lyrics suffer from London misanthropy and second-rate Cobain-esque verse. But whenever Huskwood roars, as she does on the romantic anthem *Never Was Happen*, Lari & Proband shows real signs of magic.

NICHOLAS JENNINGS

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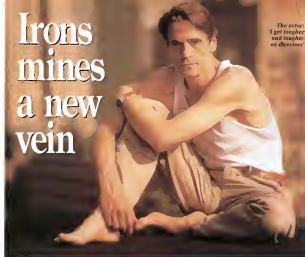
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Irons mines a new vein



The actor: 'I get tougher and tougher on directors'

BY BRIAN D. JOHNSON

He doesn't look like a movie star. His doesn't even look much like Jeremy Irons. Drinking coffee and smoking cigarettes in a Manhattan hotel room, Irons looks giant and grey, almost vampiric. He has darkened eyes and hollow cheeks. A rare beard darkens the sharp features of his face. He explains that he had grown it to play a Bosnian refugee in a two-hour stage play mounted near his home in Oxfordshire, England. "I wanted to scrub up," he said. "I sort of don't like having it, but people keep telling me, 'You look great as a beard,' so I thought, 'I'll keep it on for a while longer.'"

Jeremy Irons has been messing with his image lately. He is known for gleaming, refined, sophisticated and carefully ambiguous faces. They include charming producers such as the twin genealogists in *Dead Ringers* and the sinister Claus von Bülow in *Reversal of Fortune*. There have been the seigneurial musclemen, from the dispassionately observed adulterer in *Dangerous* to the gender-bent duke who was a Peking opera star in *M. Butterfly*. But now, in *The House of the Spirits*, based on the epic novel by Chilean-born author Isabel Allende, Irons has transformed himself into someone completely different, a cruel and brutish Latin American patriarch named Esteban Trueba.

As Trueba, the 45-year-old actor has gone out of his way to hide his disfiguring marks. Replacing his handsome Oxford diction with a vaguely Argentine accent, he dresses his face in a clipped cadence,

FILMS

Jeremy Irons transforms himself one more time

through prosthetic teeth that produce a kind of speech impediment. "I wanted to make Esteban's face less often than mine," Irons explains. "I wanted him to have a gravelly mouth, and not to have good teeth. So we designed different teeth, which change as I get older. That had the effect of giving me a thicker nose." The grinnow reveals what William Brando (in *The Godfather*) and Jack Nicholson (in *Iran/Paris*) did by pushing their upper lips up—in this case, the results are arguably less effective.

Irons's makeover in *The House of the Spirits*, however, is more than cosmetic. His characters usually dwell on seductive depths of complexity; they always seem to know more than they let on. But Trueba's seems like a clean slate, set off by bitterness and exclusion. "That's what attracted me to him," says Irons. "He was so different from those sons I've been playing. In the middle of *M. Butterfly*, I thought, 'What am I doing this for? I've been here. I'm trading over old ground.'"

Then, he adds, "When I read *House of the Spirits*, I thought, 'You, damn it, are a breath of fresh air, this character. He's a man who isn't afraid thinking, who is not in touch with his emotions. And when they come out, they come out violently, because they are repressed.'"

A self-made man who starts out as a miner, Trueba takes over an abandoned estate and becomes a powerful landowner. In a story spanning three decades, he disposes an illegitimate son, abuses his sister (Gloria Chase), seduces his wife (Meryl Streep) and tries to kill the man (Antonio Banderas) who loves his daughter (Wenja Ryder). By the end, his redemption is long overdue.

Although the actor has played more than his share of an uneasy leading man, his own life seems well adjusted. The son of a chartered accountant, he grew up in a seaside village on the Isle of Wight and rose through the ranks of the theatre into the Royal Shakespeare Company. "I think the fact that I was brought up through theatre," he says, "means that I'm used to putting myself into quite different situations from the ones I know about." American movie stars with stage experience, he adds, "tend to have problems if they are playing people who are outside their life."

Streep and Chase, his American costars in *The House of the Spirits*, are both stage veterans. Streep, who played opposite Irons in *The French Lieutenant's Woman* in 1981, has remained a friend. "Because we have had such much the same ages when we are in Los Angeles we tend to be in touch," says Irons, who has two sons, aged 8 and 15, with his wife, actress Sarah Cawkell. Irons and Chase, meanwhile, played man and wife on Broadway in Tom Stoppard's *The Real Thing* (1987)—both were *Theatre*—and they acted out a potential marriage in *Amadeus* of *Amadeus* (1986), for which Irons won his Oscar.

But Irons gives Canadian director David Cronenberg some of the credit for that Oscar. There was a widespread feeling in Hollywood that the actor had been robbed the previous year, when the Academy failed to nominate his extraordinary performance in Cronenberg's *Dead Ringers* (1988), his second film with Cronenberg. Last year's *M. Butterfly*, was a critical and commercial flop, and Irons now claims that he had doubts about the script from the beginning. "I think the problems were multifarious," he says. "In that a good word—multifarious! What's the difference between many and multifarious? Anyway, the problems were many."

The actor recalls expressing his reservations to Cronenberg. "But we felt we wouldn't get the film made unless we went with it. I said, 'I thought, 'Dread, you can make it work. I trust you.' I made a mistake. I should have said, 'Let's wait.' When *Amadeus* released the actor's comments to Cronenberg last week, the director said "I have no idea what he's talking about. Other than discussing little facts in certain scenes, we never said there was anything wrong with the script. And on this of all movies, I was under no pressure." On the set, however, Irons did express doubts about his career. Cronenberg recalled, "I think he felt he was doomed to constant rejection. Just before everything he could do. But Jeremy's a wonderful actor, and he hasn't even come close to exploring his limits."

Irons, who has also been briefly offed in *Dangerous*, admits that his concerns as an actor go beyond his craft. "With me, it's always been the story that we have to get right. So I go into a film with this attitude, which sometimes annoys directors and sometimes annoys them."

At this point, the publisher in charge of the actor's schedule walks into the room and says "I have to cut this off."

"That's terrible rude," says Irons. "I think I'm the one who says when to cut it off. We're having a very interesting conversation—unless someone has a hint to cut it off." Following the interview at his home, Irons talks about his interest in directing. "Maybe I should put my money where my mouth is," he says. "Because I have more and more ideas, and I get tougher and tougher on directors." One question remains: a year from now, will he be fading back into *The House of the Spirits*? "I am totally happy with it—I'm happy happy happy with it," he says, as his face finally brightens with a movie-star smile. □

A house without spirit

THE HOUSE OF THE SPIRITS
Directed by Eula August

Trying to drill a movie from *The House of the Spirits*, based on Allende's epic saga of love and politics, is a daunting prospect. The story, which spans three generations, is written in that vividly conjured style known as magical realism. Allende's narrative is held shut on an intricate weave of real and imagined details, a frayed tangle of language that suggests delirium. Remove the lighter breath of romance and wit—its movies lead to do—and the script will not fly. Reduced to the essentials of character and plot, magic realism quickly turns to soap opera, and that

of the working class to become a wealthy landowner and right-wing politician. Irons blasts his speech with a distracting impediment. As Clara, the psychic beauty who becomes his wife, Streep is suitably transfixed but seems to be off in her own world. Chase adds her touch into the juicy role of Pardo, Esteban's perverted sister-in-law. But after *Fatal Attraction*, *Reversal of Fortune* and *The Piano*, the screen cruelty typified as yet another screen victim.

Wenja Ryder, meanwhile, conveys sincerity and shallow passion as Esteban's daughter, Blanca, who engages her father by running off with Pedro (Antonio Banderas), the re-



Streep (left), Irons; magic realism distilled into melodrama

is exactly what happens in writer-director Eula August's ambitious redemptive of the Allende novel.

With a top-of-the-line cast that includes Jeremy Irons, Meryl Streep and Gloria Chase, the movie is brimming with promise. And August's previous films, *Pinkie* for *Cosmo* and *The Best Bedrooms*, were so good that both were intense drama set against vast landscapes. *The House of the Spirits* is a vast drama in a vast landscape. August truly gets beyond the sheer mechanics of chronicling through the story and his stars never seem quite at home in their Latin American roles.

As Esteban, the cruel patriarch who, in the 1800s, blows his way out

history pressed and told. The fact that Banderas is the only Spanish-speaking principal among the rest seems odd, given the story's Latin American setting.

On balance, the movie is not as bad as a family melodrama, it tells an epic story of classism in political upheaval. The images are lovely, the performances enjoyable. But the slow pace, August's workmanlike script and his static tableau-style photography make the Latin melodrama seem like a Latin melodrama. On screen, *The House of the Spirits* preserves the original architecture while leaving behind the magic and the realism.

B. D. A.

The road to freedom

Black people are usually relegated to the status of footnotes in Canadian history. Now, two upcoming television programs are to redress that situation. The two-hour drama *Race to Freedom: The Underground Railroad* (CTV, April 21, 9 p.m.) is the tale of Blacks escaping servitude in the United States by fleeing to Canada. *From to Freedom* (various public networks, beginning April 13), a four-part documentary series focusing on four black families and their histories, has a wider context. It makes clear that legalized slavery had its own cautionary signs in Canada—starting with Oliver Le Jeune, an eight-year-old Malagasy boy who became, in the late 1600s, the first documented case of slavery in New France, and ending with a British decree abolishing slavery in 1833. Taken together, the shows provide an engaging look at the historic and contemporary black presence in Canada.

The programs celebrate the survival of black families and the endurance of their institutions. *From to Freedom*, produced by Toronto-based Atlanta Films, is an indie-made Sunday night feature entertainment. A heartwarming story that offers courageous characters overcoming oppression, as well as identifiable bad guys and chance lovers. At times, though, it feels like a history lesson disguised as a movie—either way—solidly defined characters are secondary to the "based-on-real events" plot line. Meanwhile *From to Freedom*, a low-key, low-budget documentary series, surprises and entertains even so it instructs. If the academics commenting on the broader historical picture are sometimes ponderous, the families' stories—with their humor and quiet revelations of just what they were up against—are gripping.

Race to Freedom is the story of two North Carolina slaves, Sarah (Janet Bailey) and Thomas (Courtney Vance), who flee to Canada along the clandestine system of routes known as the Underground Railroad. It is set in 1820, and the new fugitive Slave Act means that anyone in the United States caught sheltering a runaway slave will be severely punished. A visiting anthropologist from Canada, Dr. Ross (Michael Kober), sees his work as a cover for helping slaves es-



Canada may have been a haven for U.S. slaves, but it also allowed slavery for 200 years



Vance: Tobias, left, with escaped slaves (below): enduring institutions

cape, and directs Thomas, Sarah and two others to the contacts and safe houses that make up the Underground Railroad. The fugitive encounter ruthless slave hunters, hunger, cold and the possibility of betrayal with every step.

Nearly photographed and well directed, *Race to Freedom* is nonetheless forgettable in the way of most TV movies. The most notable exception is an electrifying cameo by Alice Woodard (Phanisee Pikel), who joins Harriet Tubman, the escaped slave who risked her own life to help hundreds of other fugitives. Woodard's charged performance is the distinctive but overwrought Tubman characterizes what the rest of the movie lacks: dynamism from unexpected quarters.

From to Freedom is not nearly so well crafted, but it is ultimately more affecting. Produced by Emmy-award winning Atlanta Sports, the series examines the history of Blacks in Canada and highlights the accomplishments of black-known figures such as Mary Ann Shadd, who in 1851 became the first North American woman to edit a newspaper. Each episode offers a mix of historical, archival material and short film recreations of events. The four extended families in Quebec, Nova Scotia, Ontario and British Columbia that form the nucleus of each episode seem at once typical and extraordinary. Accomplished and active in their communities, they exemplify the values that kept black culture and institutions alive in an often hostile environment.

The second episode is arguably the strongest. Directed by filmmaker Sylvia Hamilton, it features the resilient Jamesons of Truro, N.S.—the late Elmer James, his wife Wilma, and their 10 children. Wilma completed teacher's college in 1900. Sam Barclay (Blackie James), a blacksmith, arrived in the 1860s, graduated from Dalhousie University law school in 1932 at the age of 50. Growing up black in Truro in the 1950s and 1960s meant segregated school buildings and an abusive power structure. Intergenerational with the family, chroniclers are accounts of the waves of black migration.

Despite their varied angles, all four films stress the importance of the extended family, and how institutions like churches and unions' benevolent societies have been vital centers of social change. Throughout the series, all photos of black railway porters keep appearing: before the Second World War the CPR was one of the few parts of the world where black men.

The discs themselves have their flaws. Centuries of 200 years of history and a portrait of a family into a one-hour segment does not always make for smooth editing. But overall, the series succeed admirably in casting a fresh light on a neglected subject.

DAVID TURKIN



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REAL PEOPLE.



The bells of San Miguel

BY ALLAN FOTHERINGHAM

The standard stereotype of Mexico is the peasant, lazy *sombrero* shuffling the hot sun, asleep in solitude. The image is one of laziness.

Reality, in San Miguel de Allende, is one of ecstasies. The noise never stops. First of all, there are the bells. There are 87 bells in the churches alone, not to mention those in public buildings.

In this picturesque town some three hours north of Mexico City, they start ringing at 6 a.m. from the first mass service. There seems to be cooperation as to who can ring the loudest and the longest. In La Parroquia, the landmark towering church, the bells last first toll.

The bells ring at 8:45 a.m. They ring at 7 a.m. The bells set the days clanking. The days in San Miguel have the longest lasting hour phantoms in Christendom. Just as whistles suddenly can communicate by some sort of water sound codes, the San Miguel days communicate down the mountainside, across the valley to a lake beyond, by a host of sounds, playing in their longevity. It is not a place for sleep.

Then the boom-booms start. Puffs of smoke rise in the sky and the blast from what appears to be fire is released. The new visitor to the town assumes the Zapoteco beards from far off Chapas have arrived in cigarette land. Either that, or the Bells of Bellan.

By 11 a.m., advised the locals. It is only the fireworks. San Miguel loves its saints. On the first of the saints, one obviously has to have some fireworks. They go so loud in the early days that the government cut down the San Miguel fiestas to some 30 or 40. Then there are the fireworks. When someone dies, fireworks go off, presumably to aid the ascent to the angels. When another boom goes off, people all over San Miguel wonder, "Who?"

Sometimes things go wrong with these festivities, hence two-manufactured fireworks. One year in a fiery display, a spark up mailed a pile of fireworks stacked against the wall of La Parroquia. In the subsequent blast,



both ravens slashed by sinistral. When the Romans were building Rome, ancient Mexican artists were carving in their stones.

Three hundred years after the Spanish Conquest, poor local Mexicans planted to overthrow the invaders. Ignacio Allende, born here, was the military leader of the insurrection. Father Miguel Hidalgo the church leader.

At dawn on Sept. 16, 1809, Father Hidalgo rang the bells in the "cry of independence" from his church in nearby Dolores. The Spanish cut off the heads of Allende, Hidalgo and two other rebel leaders, put the heads in cages and hung them in public view from the low corners of a primary in Guanajuato for 10 years in a warning for such rebellion.

Today, things are more peaceful, if perhaps more noisy. Dolores is known as "the bell city," where blind visitors from Canada can tap on their wedding table and see. Guanajuato is a wonderful town, very European in tone, its most fascinating feature a series of underground tunnels, cars now parked where rivers once flowed.

San Miguel was declared a national monument in 1916. Its cobblestoned streets a museum to time and a model for high levels. For this place it should be blessed. Scarlet bougainvillea adorns the stone walls. The jacaranda trees are purple. The cactus likes open like white freestones and the thick green cypress trees lift old sun lit windows.

Since the 1880s, the town has been a writers' and artists' colony. People who arrive from Vancouver and New York in the winter end up as actors in theatre productions.

In the town square the travel times are all baroque. Bright green leaves draped into perfect circles. Towering over it is La Parroquia, a temple of local parish style that has been described as "baroque grotesque."

It was designed in the late 16th century by an Indian master, was inspired by portraits of European cathedrals, drew his daily building instructions in the sand with a stick. The parish think it dreadful, the tourists think it beautiful and it fascinates the town.

There is no stone, there is no stone, there are no fire hydrants. Aided what would happen if there was a fire, a local resident. "We'll remember." Women gather every morning at the "San Miguel Lavandería"—filled by mountain springs—where pink stone tubs and scrub boards keep you whiter than white, and where there is supposed to be the best position town.

It's supposed to be the prettiest place in Mexico. It's certainly the noisiest. Get your sleep at home.

WHEN ISABELLE finally decides to come down, you'll notice that she's all of five feet nothing and a scale 95 pounds. Still, as a world champion figure skater, her body's nutritional requirements are as demanding as her training. It's critical that she keeps her energy up and her weight down. Something we're sure Lloyd appreciates. So Isabelle smiles.

size she includes beef as part of her balanced diet. As often as several times a week.

Athletes like Lloyd and Isabelle know beef is an important source of iron. Technically speaking, iron is needed to help deliver oxygen throughout the body where it is used to release energy from the food we eat.

A fact you don't need to be a world-class athlete to appreciate.



Truth is, a single serving of lean

Canadian beef not only contains iron, but 11 other essential nutrients. That includes protein, niacin, zinc, vitamins B6 and B12. All being essential for growth and development. Even more impressive, a 120 gram serving of trimmed beef, full of all that good stuff, adds up to a mere 128 calories. But don't

take our word for it. Canada's Food Guide to Healthy Eating says you can enjoy 2-3 servings of meat per day. So if you haven't already planned your next meal, here's a little inspiration. Compliments of Lloyd and Isabelle. Whichever you like.

ISABELLE BRASSEUR & LLOYD EISLER for BEEF.

CANADIAN MEAT STAND-UP SALAD RECIPE


- 1 lb. sirloin steak, cut into 14" strips
- 2 tbsp. vegetable oil
- 1 clove garlic, minced
- 1 tsp. each ground cumin and dried oregano
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 1 red bell pepper, sliced
- 1-2 jalapeño peppers, sliced
- 3 cups romaine lettuce, sliced

Combine oil, garlic and spices. Reserve half. Stir-fry onion and peppers in remaining oil until tender crisp. Set aside. Stir-fry steak in reserved oil to desired doneness.

Add vegetables and meat. Serve over lettuce. Serves 4.

For more recipes and nutritional information, write: Beef Information Centre, 2233 Argentea Rd., Suite 100, Dept. A, Mississauga, Ontario, L5N 2G1.





THERE'S A PLACE WHERE YOUR BARSTOOL'S ALWAYS WARM.

THE ICE MELTS FAST

AND THE SONGS ON THE JUKEBOX NEVER CHANGE.

IT'S A PLACE YOU'LL FIND SOUTHERN COMFORT.

